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EARLY WINTER (CURRIER AND IVES PRINT)

THE STATE O' MAINE SCRAP BOOK

STORIES AND LEGENDS OF
"WAY DOWN EAST"

by

ERNEST E. BISBEE

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE MOUNTAIN SCRAP BOOK," "THE EMPIRE STATE SCRAP BOOK,"
"THE NEW ENGLAND SCRAP BOOK," ETC.

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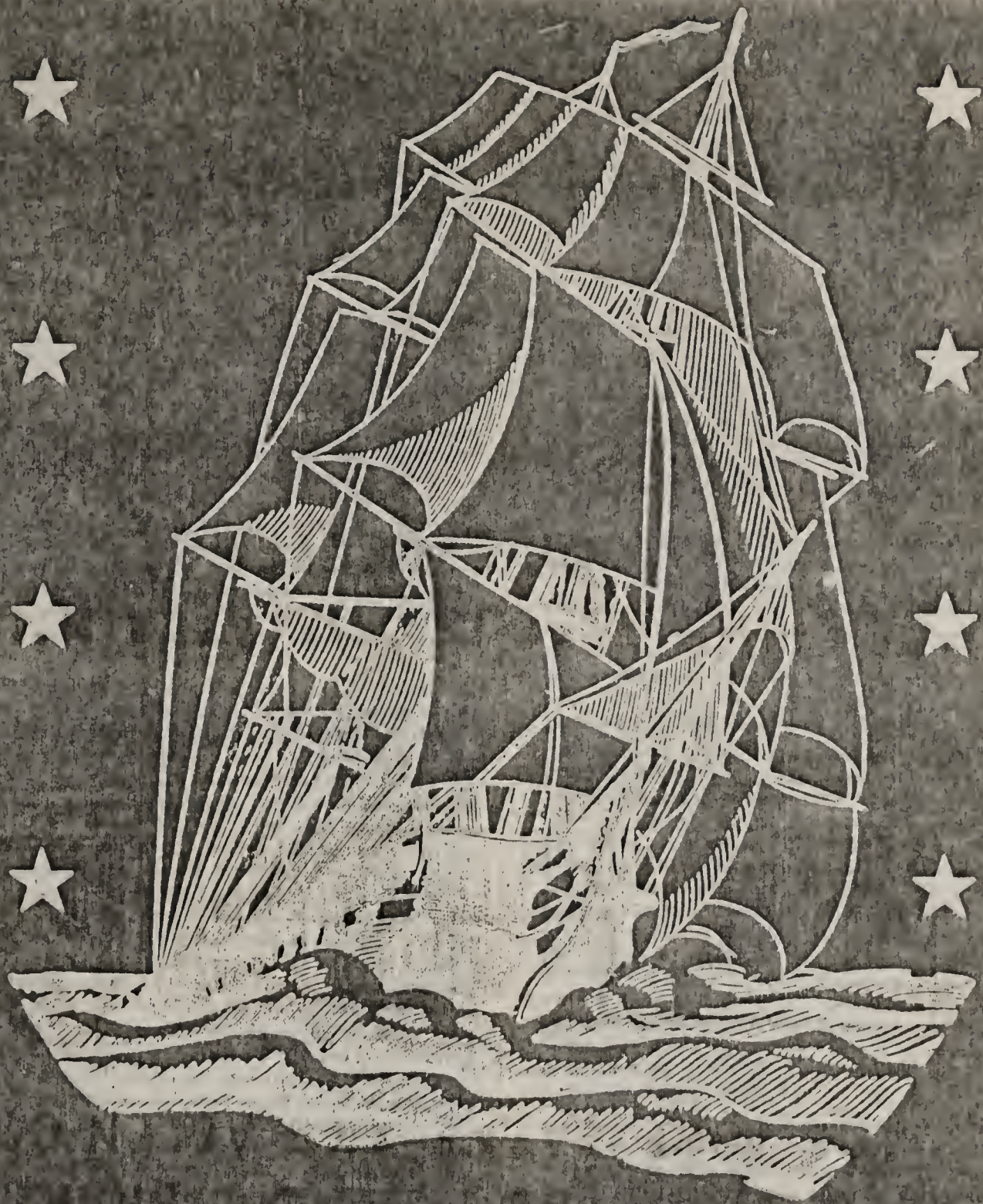
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THE STATE O' MAINE
SCRAP BOOK

THE STATE OF MAINE

AND DOWN EAST



THE STATE O' MAINE SCRAP BOOK

**EARLY STORIES AND LEGENDS
of "WAY DOWN EAST"**

CAPTIVITY IN CANADA

John Wheelwright, a Puritan divine, incurred the wrath of his church by his rather advanced views and in November 1637 was given just fourteen days to wind up his affairs and leave the colony. It was a bitter winter with snow four feet deep on the level but Wheelwright moved north into the wilderness and founded Exeter, N. H. Soon the Puritans were after him again claiming he had settled in their territory and so he and most of his congregation moved once more and this time founded Wells, Maine.

Sixty or more years passed and his grandson, John, was now one of the leaders of the little town of Wells. As the Abenaki Indians, urged on by the French, were on the warpath again, Wheelwright moved his family into town and occupied one of the garrison houses. These famous garrison houses were two stories high and the upper floor projected a foot or two beyond the lower and had loopholes cut so that the defenders could fire or pour hot water down on the enemy if an attempt was made to force a door or window. Some were constructed of logs and others of heavy planking and the doors generally had loopholes in them in lieu of windows. Very often they were surrounded by a stout stockade and they all served as a place of refuge in times of peril.

At nine o'clock on the morning of August 10, 1703 the Abenaki struck at Wells and when it was all over thirty-nine of the inhabitants had either been slain or captured. John Wheelwright's house was one of the first to be attacked as it lay at the eastern end of the village and his seven year old daughter Esther was captured and spirited away into the depths of the primeval forest that then lay at the head waters of the Kennebec River. One day a visiting French priest noticed the little child standing aloof from the Indian rabble, pale and shrinking in manner and dressed in tatters. "The English rose is drooping," he told her master. "The forest life is too hard for her. We will transplant her to Canada where she will thrive better under the care of the gentle nuns." "The little white flower must not be plucked up," replied the Indian, "but be let grow among the pines to deck the wigwam of some young brave by and by." The good priest, unable to move her savage master, took special pains to educate her as best he could. Esther had forgotten her native tongue, but not her family, but when she asked anxiously when her father was coming for her she was only frowned at.

Word finally filtered through to Wells that little Esther was not dead but held in captivity and letters were exchanged with the Governor of Canada in an effort to secure her release. The Governor becoming interested in her case, finally succeeded in buying her from her Indian master and, when she was twelve, she was taken to Quebec into the household of Governor DeVaudreuil himself. After a time Madame la Marquise, his wife, placed her and her daughter Louise in the boarding school of the Ursuline Convent to receive an education. Soon little Esther, beloved by the sisters and happy in her convent home, decided she wanted to become a nun but the Marquise would not permit a political prisoner of such importance to be buried in a convent and so took her home again. When the exchange of prisoners were arranged in 1712, two of the French who were in English hands and were scheduled to be

exchanged liked New England so well that they refused to go back and this alone prevented little Esther from returning home and from our story ending here.

Soon Madame DeVaudreuil went on a visit to her beloved France and the Governor put Esther back in charge of the nuns during his wife's absence. She now definitely decided to take the veil and soon became a rapturous devotee of the convent. Thus when Capt. John Williams and John Stoddard went to Quebec to secure the release of the remaining prisoners a little later it was too late.

Years passed and finally Esther's parents died in Wells. Although she had written them occasionally and told them how happy she was in the convent, they hoped against hope that she would return some day to her old home and in their wills they bequeathed her her share of their estate in the event she should "by the wonder working Providence of God be returned to her Native Land."

Then one day in 1754 a handsome young officer from Boston called at the Convent and requested an interview with his aunt, Mother Esther. Great was the excitement over this unprecedented call but in the end the interview was granted and although nothing is recorded as to what was said, young Major Wheelwright gave his Aunt a miniature portrait of her mother and presented the Convent with some fine linen and silverware.

More time passed and now we find Quebec being besieged by the English under Wolfe. The heavy cannonading makes the evacuation of the Convent necessary, but eight of the sisters get permission to remain and among them is Mother Esther, now sixty-three years of age. Then followed days of turmoil and confusion with the English ever getting nearer and nearer. Finally after sixty days of strife the fatal morning dawns that is to decide the destiny of America. As the river mists slowly lift, Wolfe's army is seen formed in battle array on the Plains of Abraham—when the shadows of evening mercifully veil that scene of carnage, the Seven Years War in the New World is all over and it is England and not France that is to be the master of this continent.

That day was one of dire distress to the good sisters of the Convent. Only towards nightfall did they dare venture out of the narrow cellar where they had been confined for days to find confusion worse confounded on every hand. The great Montcalm was dead and no workman could be found to make a coffin for him. So the old caretaker of the Convent, Michel, with tears streaming down his face, put together a rough box from the debris that littered the streets and the Marquise de Montcalm was carried to the chapel of the Convent in silence, without even the accompaniment of fife or drum or ought save the sobs of the bereaved populace. Here Esther Wheelwright and her sister nuns gave the responses to the three priests who chanted the requiem of the dead and then sobs burst forth anew as "it seemed as if the last hope of the colony was buried."

Mother Esther was elected Superior the following March and lived to be almost eighty-five years of age before passing on. The Wheelwright name is still revered at the Convent and the silver flagon presented by Major Wheelwright is in use to this day.



Portland Head Light, Portland (Oldest Lighthouse on Coast)

THE FIRST SETTLERS OF MAINE

When Europeans discovered the coast of Maine they found there a tall, handsome race of redmen who called themselves the "Dawn People." Living as they had for untold centuries through the long, cold winters of that section, the Abenaki had developed into a superb people; lean, slim and sinewy; mighty hunters and fishermen. On the whole, a peaceful race when let alone, they were content to raise their precious corn along the banks of the Kennebec and then store its life giving red kernels in hand woven baskets which they buried in the ground against the long, white famine of the approaching winter, when the rivers became crystal highways and the countryside sparkled with myriads of nature's diamonds.

They built themselves lodges of bark in whose murky interiors strips of venison and bear meat hung over fires, that their wives and papooses might not hunger when the smiling face of the Great Father—the sun—had been turned away from them to the southward. They carried always with them the lifesaving fire in a glowing piece of punk preserved in a clamshell, and by its aid they smoked their tobacco, that other great solace of Manitou, inhaling its fragrant incense through the claws of a lobster.

They carried on their backs in winter a new contrivance the whites had never even dreamt of—a kind of winter shoe a yard long woven from the sinews of the deer. On these winter feet they were masters of the deep snows and able to travel vast distances when all the rest of nature's children were floundering helplessly in the wintry drifts.

They built canoes of birch bark so substantial that in some cases they even used them to sail far out into the stormy Atlantic that they might fish for cod and harpoon immense whales that frequented the Maine coast in those days. They were the first scientific farmers in America too, understanding well the necessity of fertilizing the soil on which they grew their corn. In the spring when the alewives swarmed up the creeks and rivulets they would scoop them out by the basketful and pile them up in huge heaps to rot, after which one was put under each hill of corn; even as Squanto showed

the Pilgrim Fathers that first memorable summer at Plymouth.

They hilled and hoed their corn just as we do to this day and when the spring thaws set in they gashed the sides of the maples, gathering the sweet sap that streamed down from the wound. Then they boiled it down by throwing red hot rocks into birchbark containers filled with this sap, thus producing maple syrup long before the whites ever heard of such a delicacy.

They loved to collect in great villages of which they had five principal ones; two on the St. Lawrence River in Canada and one on the Kennebec, another on the Androscoggin and still another on the Saco in Maine. These villages were surrounded by high palisades of sharpened stakes and made formidable native fortresses. They were a devout and religious people who believed in a great and loving father named Manitou, who watched over and cared for his favorite children. He it was who had given them this beautiful land at the creation of the world to live in and enjoy forever; they and their children and their children's children, hence it was they called themselves the Dawn People.

THE MYSTERIOUS LOST RED PAINT PEOPLE

However, contrary to their belief, there had been another race living on the banks of the rivers and along the sea coast of Maine long, long before the Abenakis arrived. These were the Red Paint People or the stone age men, and vast piles of oyster shells—some of them forming cliffs 25 feet high on the Damariscotta and Kennebec prove that this primitive race must have lived there for 25,000 or 30,000 years and that huge succulent oysters, which are now but rarely found in these waters, must have been exceedingly plentiful then. Beautiful flaked arrow heads and knives of stone, copper spoons and well made pottery all indicate a highly artistic people. A sort of sticky red paint seems always to be mingled with the crumbling bones of their dead or to have been plastered over the sides of their graves, hence the name given them.

For a long time it was a profound mystery where these people obtained this pigment but it is now

known that they made it from an iron oxide clay that they mined from the sides of distant Katahdin; that mighty mountain sentinel to the north that dominates the head waters of the Penobscot. This smearing of the bodies of the dead and their graves with red paint would seem to have had a religious significance that has long since been lost and forgotten.

When the early settlers first unearthed these red deposits they attributed them to the Devil and the finders were sternly admonished to leave them alone. Adventurous souls, however, finally tried mixing the pigment with seal oil and finding the mixture made a very good paint, actually used it for that purpose in several instances.

While spear points of chipped rock have been found in these old graves, in no case have pieces small enough to have been used for arrow heads been discovered and this leads to the belief that this ancient race was not familiar with the use of the bow and arrow.

THEIR MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

What became of the Red Paint People is largely a conjecture, but the most plausible explanation seems to be that they were drowned when the gigantic Fundian fault occurred. This fault is nothing more or less than a stupendous crack in the earth's surface which runs from the Bay of Fundy clear down the Maine coast and it was made within comparatively recent times. When it took place there can be no doubt but that tidal waves mountain high came rushing up onto the Maine coast and that much of the land was submerged under the sea and that some of it still remains so to this day. The peculiarly fjordlike appearance of the Maine coast is due to this submergence as the long necks of land running out to sea are but the tops of hills and ancient mountain chains still showing above the waves. If the Red Paint People were living along the coast when this happened and there seems to be little doubt that they were, they would unquestionably have been drowned almost to a man. It is now believed that after this terrific convulsion of nature, the land was uninhabited by man for a long, long period; perhaps for several thousand years and then the Dawn People discovered the vacant paradise and moved in.

THE NORSE ADVENTURE

Just when the first Europeans sailed along the scented pine clad coast of Maine will probably always be a matter of controversy. That America was known to Europe long before the epic voyage of Columbus can hardly be doubted in view of the many legends and sagas that have been handed down from the remote past.

Way back in the middle of the tenth century a quick tempered Norseman named Eric the Red committed murder in one of his angry moods and was forced to flee Norway. He sailed far to the west and eventually founded a colony in a new land that lay far away towards the setting sun. This land, though icy and cold, he courageously called Greenland that new settlers might be attracted, and so successful was his ruse that for several centuries Greenland continued on as a prosperous Norse colony.

In the year 985 another adventurer named Bjarni returned home to Iceland one day only to find that his father and all his folks had sailed for Eric's new settlement in Greenland.



Katahdin Falls

Without more ado he promptly sailed after them and was very soon swallowed up in a mass of fog and after being driven by a strong north wind for many days he finally found himself in an uncharted region. When the weather cleared he saw ahead of him a heavily wooded coast on which he refused to land, knowing full well it could not be Greenland. Turning northward he sailed on and on, sighting land occasionally but always refusing to go ashore till finally on the eighth day the icy mountain barriers of Greenland showed up in the distance and he joined his kin. That Bjarni undoubtedly sailed along the North American coast in 985 and probably sighted some of the bold headlands of Maine can hardly be questioned, and it is probable that he was the first white man to thus ever explore this region.

Bjarni's exploit naturally caused considerable comment in Eric's little colony and many there were who blamed him for not having landed and explored the strange shores, so that before long, the adventure loving Norsemen had outfitted a boat to sail into these new regions under the leadership of Eric himself. However, as the old man came riding down to the quay to embark, his horse stumbled and the superstitious old fellow refused to go, saying that the Gods had sent this mishap as an omen of evil. So it came about that Eric's son, Lief the Lucky, was chosen as captain and in the year 1000 he sailed westward and eventually landed on the shores of New England, nearly 500 years before Columbus made his voyage.



Repairing Fishing Nets at Monhegan Island

The first land he came to—probably Labrador—was covered with large flat rocks, destitute of vegetation, and he named it Helluland, "of the rocks." Sailing on to the south he came to Nova Scotia which he found to be very heavily wooded—with flat sandy shores. This new country he called Markland, "of the woods." Continuing on, he came to the Gulf of Maine and finally landed on the shores of a bay into which emptied a river. Upon sailing up this river he crossed a lake and entered another river which he ascended as far as his ship would go. This land he called Vinland from the abundance of grapes his followers found there.

VINLAND THE GOOD

His description of Vinland would apply equally well to many places along the New England coast but perhaps to none better than the mouth of the Kennebec. It would indeed appear strange if this beautiful river, which later appealed so strongly to early French explorers, should not have interested the great Norse adventurer. Lief after taking on a cargo of lumber and grapes, returned to Greenland and related his adventures.

According to the Norse Sagas the next voyage to Vinland took place two years later. This expedition was headed by Lief's brother Thorwald. Thorwald landed at Lief's old camp site but unfortunately soon came into conflict with the Indians and was killed. His followers buried him on a beautiful point of land that jutted far out into the sea. Placing a cross at his head and another at his feet they called the spot Krossaness, or "Headland of the Crosses." Nobody knows where this first burial place of a white man in America was, but many think it may have been on Cape Elizabeth at the entrance of Casco Bay.

The next notable event in the settlement of Vinland was the coming of the first white women and the birth of the first Christian child in this land of ours, for in the spring of 1007 three vessels bearing 140 men and women, set out under the leadership of Gudrid and her husband, Thorfin Karsefin, to really colonize Vinland.

Thus it came about that in the summer of 1007

Snorri, the son of Gudrid, was born in Vinland; the first Christian child ever born in America. The attempts of the Norse to settle New England went on with varying fortunes and their Sagas tell us of voyages back and forth down to the year 1347, only 145 years before the discovery of America by Columbus. That they must for a time have had prosperous settlements in the new world in those early times would seem to be proven by the records of the Vatican, in which it is recorded that the Catholic See of Greenland in those early days included all the Norse settlements of Helluland, Markland and Vinland and that the Bishop of Greenland actually visited Vinland. If the settlements in Vinland had not been of sufficient size to have warranted the services of priests they would not have received a visit from a Bishop. As the years passed, however, the climate of Greenland for some unknown reason seems to have become much more severe, and gradually that colony languished and all intercourse with the new world ceased.

THE IRISH DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

Then there is the tradition of the Irish discovery of America and of an Irish settlement somewhere to the south of Vinland which was called Great Ireland. Another Norseman, Bjarni Asbrandson, who had been driven from Iceland for his crimes, was said to have been found thirty years later in a land far to the south of Vinland among Irish speaking white men. When a Norse ship, on her way to Vinland, was driven far to the south and wrecked on an alien shore, and her sailors were on the point of being put to death, a majestic looking old man, the ruler of this savage people, intervened. He had haply overheard the shipwrecked mariners conversing in Norse and, come to find out, he was the long lost Asbrandson and the people he ruled were the Irish speaking whites.

THE WELSH DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

Then again there are the Welsh who may well have sailed along the verdure clad shores of Maine and New England when on their way to colonize America in 1170 under Prince Madoc. For, during that year, Welsh records show that Madoc fitted out a fleet of vessels and sailed ever westward for many days in search of adventure, finally reaching a

very pleasant and fertile land. Here he left most of his companions and returned to Wales for more. Such was his persuasive ability, that he was able to fill ten ships with colonists and return to the settlement in the far west. For a time communication was kept up between Wales and her colony but as time passed, the new land to the west became but a memory. However, it is interesting to note that in the early records of the settlement of America, mention is often made of "White Indians" and several times of such Indians speaking the ancient British or Welsh language. In one case a minister who was trying to convert the redmen to Christianity, actually came across a tribe who could speak Welsh and who possessed a manuscript copy of an old Welsh bible which they treasured very highly, though they had by that time lost all ability to read it.

THE COMING OF THE CABOTS

So while it probably will never be known who actually were the first whites to view the rocky headlands and pleasant isles of Maine, we do know that in 1498, the very year that Columbus finally reached the mainland of America, young Sebastian Cabot sailed westward and after skirting the shores of Newfoundland pushed southward past the frowning cliffs of Mount Desert clear to Cape Cod and faraway Virginia, thus giving England her claim to North America.

The previous year he and his father had left Morrie England at the behest of certain Bristol merchants to explore the new lands to the west for them. When they reached the warm waters off the coast of Newfoundland, they ran into dense fogs and also into fine fishing, for they reported that the cod and other fish were so plentiful at times as to actually impede the progress of their ship. Because, it is here that the warm waters of the gulf stream mingle with the cold waters of the Artic and so deposit vast quantities of minute food particles that have been carried in suspension all the way from the Gulf of Mexico, thus affording an almost unlimited food supply for cod and other fine fish that frequent these shallow waters.

While the Cabots, like all the early explorers, were looking for a northern route to India, that they might traffic in gold and spices, the discovery of the fishing grounds off Newfoundland and the coast of Maine was really to prove of more value to Europe than all the gold and spices of the Orient.

THE GOLDEN CITY OF NORUMBEGA

As time went on, both the English and French came to claim the virgin new world that lay to the north of Spanish Mexico; Sieu de Monts being granted the French patent for all this vast region while King James of England gave the identical same territory to the Virginia Company. Thus was initiated a struggle for that richest of all prizes, the control of North America; a contest whose every move was to be marked by rapine, bloodshed and torture and which was not to end till Wolfe should conquer the French upon the Plains of Abraham nearly 200 years later.

About this time, stories of the wonderful city of Norumbega served only to increase the already burning desire of the two rivals for the exploration and conquest of this new Eldorado, especially that region lying along the Maine coast. As far back as 1539 some pretty tall tales of a gem-encrusted Norumbega were published by a versa-



Willett's Falls, Stoneham

tile French sea captain from Dieppe, but it was not till David Ingram returned to England from his famous 2000 mile tramp up the Atlantic coast, that a detailed report of this fabulous city was given for the first time.

In 1568 Ingram was a sailor on board a slave trader commanded by Capt. John Hawkins. Hawkins was an English adventurer who, when roughly handled by a Spanish fleet in the West Indies had lost four of his ships and was only too glad to limp into port on the Gulf of Mexico with the remaining two for repairs. Here, for lack of space and food, he marooned most of his men, giving each of them it is said, his blessing and five yards of "Roan cloth and some monie," though what they could possibly do with the cloth and the money in that untamed wilderness was a mystery. As the poor men were left no weapons of any kind, the Indians soon relieved them of their valuables including the very shirts off their backs and any that resisted were shot down in cold blood.

The party soon divided; part going west as advised by the aborigines, while Ingram and a few companions headed north for the distant Maine coast where Ingram knew he would be likely to find European fishing vessels. After great hardships and much suffering, Ingram, now the sole survivor of his party, finally entered the territory of Norumbega, which is supposed roughly to have comprised the present State of Maine. Hearing of the great Bashaba, who ruled that realm, he journeyed to his



Bald Head Cliffs at York

capital, Arembec, where he appears to have been kindly treated. In fact he found it hard to tear himself away when friendly Indians advised him there was a ship up the coast.

The vessel proved to be a French fisherman and he was taken back to Europe. This jaunt through the wilderness clear up the Atlantic coast from Mexico was a memorable enough event in itself, but the tales Ingram related of the wealth and riches of Norumbega made a far greater impression on the English and French. In a short time his story had grown till he was telling about a glorious city that existed in the Maine wilderness with gem-encrusted walls and buildings whose roofs were plated with the purest of gold; a city whose gates and pillars were even made of crystal and lapis lazuli; a city where pearls and precious stones were everywhere to be seen lying around by the bucketful. He said he himself had picked up chunks of gold as big as his fist from the riverbeds of Maine and had so loaded himself down with pearls that he finally had to throw them all away when unable to carry them further. In fact he disclosed a veritable Alladin's cave where unlimited wealth was to be had by merely picking it up.

Probably, the hardships poor Ingram had suffered had gone a little to his head and the comparative luxury of a simple Indian wigwam on the Penobscot, after all he had been through, seemed like the utmost luxury. For this wonderful city was supposed to be located on the Penobscot about where the city of Bangor now lies. It remained for the level-headed French explorer Champlain to prick this golden bubble and prove that it was largely a bit of vivid imagination.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS IN AMERICA

It is quite generally believed that the first settlement in New England was that of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth in 1620, while as a matter of fact, sixteen years before this the French under DeMonts and Champlain were busy building the first stockaded town—a town that antedated Jamestown, Quebec and Plymouth—on a small island not far from the mouth of the St. Croix River which today forms the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick.

DeMonts christened the little isle St. Croix—though today it is known as Dochet Island—because "two leagues higher up there were two brooks which came crosswise to fall within this large branch of the sea." DeMonts was a Huguenot and a Protestant and as said before, he had been given a charter for all of North America north of Virginia. So setting out with a somewhat motley company of priests, ministers and French gentlemen along with a goodly sprinkling of common thieves and vagabonds taken from French prisons, he landed at St. Croix island on June 26, 1604.

Here for a time things went well and when Christmas arrived the gay hearted Frenchmen celebrated with much feasting and merrymaking. They had built themselves comfortable quarters, in part from timber brought from France, and theirs was the first Christmas ever celebrated in New England and for that matter, in all the United States north of Florida. As they had no children or women folk with them, they were somewhat handicapped in their festivities, but they did the best they could and had a wonderful feast of roast venison and stew together with the few simple luxuries they had brought with them from France.

Gathering in the great dining hall before a blazing log fire, they told stories of happy days in their beloved France so far away. A newspaper was even published—the first in America—a little sheet written by hand containing the gossip and daily events of the settlement. This little paper, which they called "Master William," caused much merriment that day as it was passed around or read aloud before the assembled guests and a few copies of it are still preserved in France where they are considered priceless.

But sadder times were in store for the little colony. It was a white Christmas and the countryside lay deeply covered with drifts. Soon it came off intensely cold; very different from their sunny homeland. Finally even their wine froze so hard in the casks that it had to be served in the form of ice and weighed out by the pound. The food supply they had thought so abundant at Christmas rapidly dwindled away and dread scurvy soon made its appearance, so that by spring half the colonists had died.

CHAMPLAIN'S SEARCH FOR NORUMBEGA

The preceding fall, after the colony had become firmly established, Champlain had sailed off down the coast in search of the much bejeweled Norumbega. This great Frenchman, who was later to discover Lake Champlain and found Quebec, had been selected to act as pilot for DeMont's expedition and so that fall of 1604 we see him cruising down the Maine coast in his little "patache" to see what he could find. Needless to say, he was sadly disillusioned about Norumbega, for no town of any size did he find—only some crude Indian villages. Lescarbot, the jovial scribe of the little settlement, wrote, "If this beautiful town ever existed, I would like to know who pulled it down, for there is nothing but huts here, covered with the bark of trees or skins."

However, Champlain carefully explored the coast, and discovered Mount Desert which he named "Isles des Monts Deserts." He made friends with the Indians and they guided him up the Penobscot where he met their great chief, the "Bessabez," whose village lay where the golden city of Norumbega had been believed to be.

THE FRENCH SEARCH FOR A NEW SETTLEMENT

When the supply ship arrived in the spring from France, it found a sadly disillusioned colony and it was deemed advisable to search for a better location. Accordingly Champlain and DeMonts set out down the coast exploring as far as Cape Cod, and they were quite taken with the Massachusetts coast, but fortunately for the present Mayflower descendants, they encountered hostility from the Indians and returned home to St. Croix, only to later move the little colony to Port Royal in Nova Scotia. It is interesting to speculate on what the Pilgrim Fathers would have done if the French had decided to move to Massachusetts Bay that spring and had succeeded in establishing a strong settlement there fifteen years before the Mayflower arrived. It is possible that had this happened this country today might have been a French speaking nation instead of what it is.

When Champlain and his party arrived at the mouth of the Kennebec on the way back, the Indians informed him that another European vessel lay only ten leagues to the eastward and that its sailors had killed several natives. This strange ship was unquestionably the Archangel which had been sent out by the English to explore for the fabled Norumbega. Thus it was that two famous explorers, Champlain and Waymouth, one French and the other English, almost met that summer.

It was while on this trip that Champlain attended a great feast given by friendly Indians, where, squatting on a bear skin, he was forced to try to stomach a motley mixture of bear meat, fish, wild plums and pease, all stirred together in huge kettles with canoe paddles. The Indians, seeing a little hesitancy on his part in partaking of their feast, endeavored to whet his appetite by offering him a large lump of bear's fat, which they considered to be the greatest of delicacies. This proved to be a little too much for Champlain, however, and he was fain to make a hasty departure exclaiming as he did so, "Ho, ho, ho," the redman's equivalent of "please excuse me."

HOW MAINE WAS SAVED FOR THE UNION

Nothing remains on Dochet's Island today of



Deck of an Old "Windjammer"

that first little French outpost in Maine. In 1798, nearly two centuries after it was abandoned, however, the discovery of old ruins there was to save the then District of Maine for the United States. Following the Revolution, the northeastern boundary of the new country was agreed upon as the St. Croix River and shortly a dispute arose as to just where this was. This country claimed it was the present St. John River which would have given us a slice of New Brunswick, while England said it lay further to the west, even beyond the Kennebec and if she had won in this argument, most of the present state of Maine would today form part of Canada. Finally recourse was had to an old map of Champlain's and extensive excavations were made under the accumulated forest growth on Dochet Island, which finally disclosed the foundations of DeMont's old settlement together with some cannon balls and other relics. Thus it was that the little settlement after many years of oblivion, was to save Maine to the Union. A bronze tablet commemorating the tercentenary of the first settlement in Arcadia was erected on this spot in 1904.

THE LOST COLONY ON MOUNT DESERT

Two of the priests who accompanied DeMonts when he settled at St. Croix were Fathers Biard and Masse. When the survivors of the little colony moved to Port Royal, these two soon came into conflict with the new governor of Arcadia who held them in rather poor esteem and is reputed to have



Thundering Surf at Mount Desert

said that it was "his part to rule them on earth, and theirs to guide him to heaven." At any event, the two fathers were only too glad to leave Port Royal and join the new expedition that had been fitted out by Madame de Guercheville; a favorite of the Queen's and a woman equally famed for her beauty and piety. The good madame's greatest desire was the propagation of the true faith, as she saw it, and to that end she had despatched a vessel under Capt. La Saussaye to carry her colonists to Kedesquit (now Bangor) on the Penobscot.

The expedition had proceeded only about as far as Grand Manan when it ran into a dense fog and came nigh onto foundering on some of the sharp rocks that frequent that coast. When the fog lifted they found they had drifted to the island the Indians called Pemetic, but which Champlain had discovered and called Monts Deserts. Landing somewhere near Northeast Harbor, they christened the place St. Saveur, and Father Biard, who seems by now to have been in charge, inquired the way of the Indians to Kedesquit. The Indians of Pemetic, however, were very desirous of having the French for near neighbors so they used their utmost persuasion and wile to induce them to settle near their village on Somes Sound.

The soil proving to be very rich and the scenery magnificent, Father Biard soon forgot all about Kedesquit and set his colonists to work planting crops and erecting buildings on the new site, when suddenly they were rudely interrupted by the arrival of the English. It seems that the colonists of Virginia had been accustomed to sending a vessel to fish off the Maine coast each year. This year, 1613, Samuel Argall was sent with a small sloop carrying 14 guns. When Argall reached Pemaquid, friendly Indians innocently told him of the new French settlement at Pemetic and the crafty English even secured the services of one of them for a guide by pretending they were great friends of the French. Thus it came about that one day the colonists were astonished to see an English warship sailing up the Sound towards them.

Father Biard's ship was in no condition to offer any resistance since only ten men remained on board; the sails had been converted to deck-awnings and the anchor was fast in the bottom of the

bay. When Argall demanded the surrender of the vessel, however, and opened fire, the French made a futile attempt at fighting back, though they had nobody on board who could even train a gun. It was then that Father du Thet, another priest, was killed by a bullet as he was firing one of the big cannon, though he had never been in a battle before in his life.

There was nothing left for Father Biard to do but surrender and then Argall landed and made a thorough search of the tents, during which he found the royal commission for the colony securely locked away in La Saussaye's desk. Coolly pocketing the paper, he again locked the desk and a little later asked to see their authorization for establishing a colony. When, of course, they were unable to produce it, Argall proceeded to bluster and call them nothing but a pack of pirates and soon gave his sailors permission to start pillaging.

Father Masse and some of the French were turned loose in an open boat and fortunately made land on the southern tip of Nova Scotia and were eventually rescued. Father Biard and the remainder of the colony were taken to Virginia and the governor of that colony was on the point of hanging them one and all for pirates, when Argall confessed that he had stolen the commission and they were permitted to return to France.

Discouraged by the fate of her colony, Madame de Guercheville gave up her claims in New France and a M. Cadillac was granted most of Mount Desert Island. Cadillac Mountain is named for him. He, however, never attempted to found a settlement there, though to the end of his days he called himself "Lord of Mount Desert" and was very proud of the title.

No further attempt was ever made by France to colonize the island though many years afterwards a Madame Gregoire proved herself to be a lineal descendant of Cadillac and was thus able to establish her claim to a small part of the vast possessions of her ancestor. She and her husband and family settled in this half savage land with only a few fishermen for neighbors. The Madame and her husband never were destined to return to France, but are buried not far from Bar Harbor.

THE COMING OF THE ARCHANGEL

While the French had been feeling out this new land to the west, the English had not been asleep by any means but had sent out several ships to spy out the coast of Maine, and such favorable reports had been received that finally the Archangel under Captain George Waymouth was despatched in the spring of 1605 and anchored off Monhegan Island the second week in June of that year.

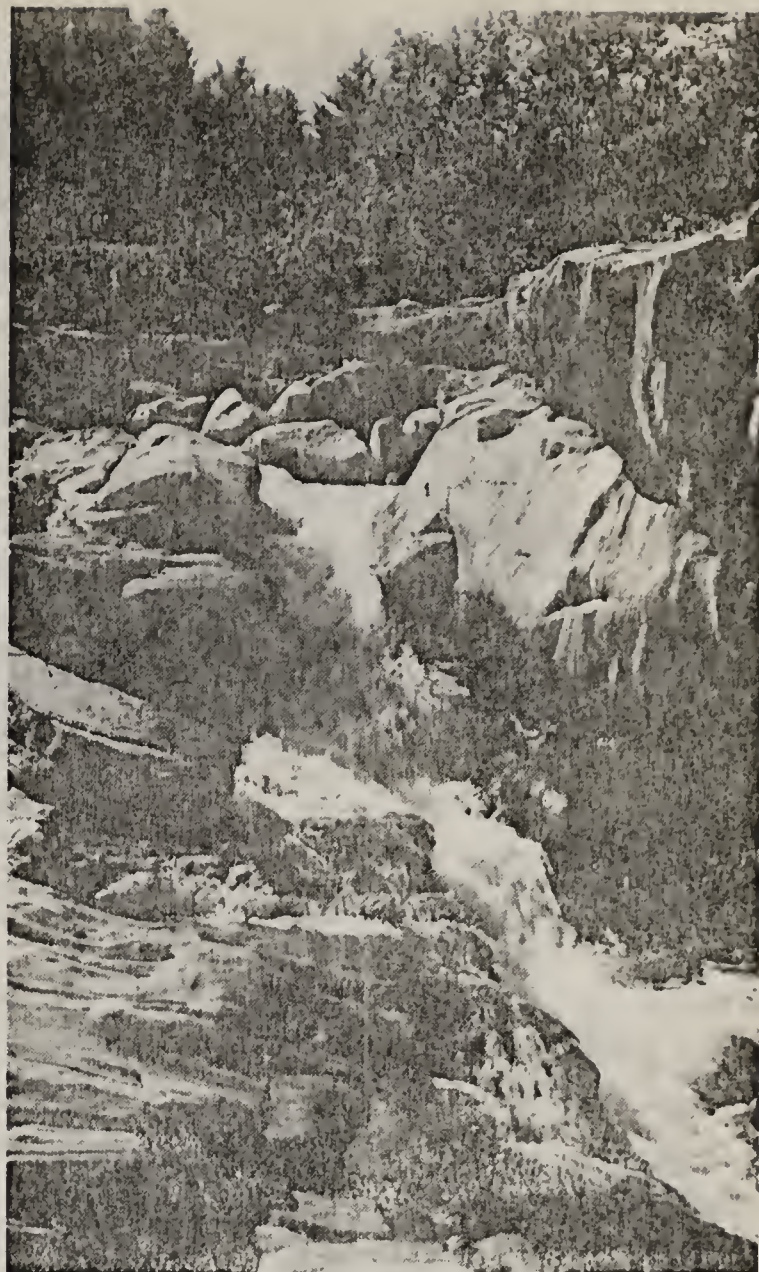
Being short of water and provisions, a boat was sent ashore and the island was christened St. George. Though Waymouth's men found the remains of recent camp fires and broken shells of eggs "bigger than those of a goose," no natives were encountered, so the next day anchor was weighed and the ship sailed on to other islands nearer the mainland and another landing party went ashore on what is now thought to be Allen's Island in St. George's Harbor. A small boat was constructed here and the mouth of the Kennebec explored. Finally the Archangel came to anchor in a large bay which was alive with fish and lobsters and where valuable pearls were found in immense mussels; fourteen being taken from a single shell in one instance. This fine harbor Waymouth called Pentecost Bay and is now believed to be Townsend Harbor in Boothbay.

Indians soon appeared and a very lucrative trade sprang up between them and the English; as the redmen eagerly exchanged valuable beaver and otter skins for worthless trinkets of copper and glass. Waymouth staged what is probably the first magician show in America when he held aloft pieces of steel with a sword which had previously been touched by a magnet. The Indians were astounded but they were even more impressed by the art of writing when they saw the names of the various articles bought and sold being put down on the ship's ledger.

When it came the turn of the English to return the visit, they found that their copper colored hosts had built a huge camp fire on the beach around which everybody was sitting on deerskin rugs. It was now the turn of the whites to be astonished when they saw the redmen chatting and laughing with smoke coming out of their mouths. When the Indians politely handed the lobster claws, from which they were nuffing the smoke, to the English, the latter rather hesitatingly took a few whiffs, but as it made them feel rather sick they soon desisted. The Indians called the procedure "drinking tobacco" and such was the introduction of Waymouth's men to tobacco smoking on the Maine coast.

THAT FAMOUS MAINE KIDNAPPING CASE

In a short time the simple redmen became very friendly with the English and finally three of them consented to sleep over night on the deck of the Archangel, using a pile of old sails for a bed. For some time Waymouth seems to have been nurturing plans to kidnap a few of these dusky inhabitants of a new world and take them to England as souvenirs of a sort—you might say the first Maine souvenirs extant. He later attempted to justify this cruel piece of treachery by saying that the Indians were to be Christianized and that after being taught English they would act as interpreters; and it actually turned out that way, but it also antagonized the Indians of Maine and was the beginning of a long, cruel conflict between them and the English which was to hold back the settlement of that fertile region for many, many decades.



Coos Canyon, Byron

The upshot of it was that Waymouth succeeded in enticing three likely looking chaps below decks where they were soon overpowered. Then growing impatient, he sent a boatload of men ashore, ostensibly to trade, and as soon as the unsuspecting redmen crowded around, his sailors shanghaied two more of them.

When these strange looking savages walked down the streets of staid old London they created a great sensation and it is only fair to say that the interest they aroused had much to do with the settlement of New England. Three of them were immediately taken under the wing of a rich nobleman, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who kept them for several years; first teaching them English and then in turn learning from them all he could of their native land. As a result, Gorges became so enthused over their fair homeland that he spent most of his time and money for the next forty years in furthering the settlement of the Maine wilderness, so much so, that he has aptly been called "The Father of Maine Colonization."

Strange as it may appear, there seems to be little doubt but that the glowing description given by Waymouth and his companions of the beautiful scenery, prolific soil and unbounded resources of this new land near the Sagadahoc, led directly to the colonization of Jamestown and of the founding of proud and aristocratic Virginia. Thus Maine, instead of being considered but a poor offshoot of Massachusetts, should perhaps really be credited



Untangling a Jam on the Saco

with being the originator of all thirteen of the American colonies.

FIRST THANKSGIVING IN NEW ENGLAND

The two remaining kidnapped natives were presented to the Chief Justice of England, Lord Popham. As soon as they learned to speak English, that eminent jurist also started questioning them about the Maine wilderness and before long he, too, was as enthusiastic as Gorges over the new country. Being very influential with the King, it was he who was largely instrumental in having the "Virginia Charter" granted to the merchants of London and Plymouth.

This grant embraced all of North America discovered by the Cabots, but the Plymouth merchants very soon took over the northern end of the grant and an expedition was sent over to colonize the country, under Captain George Popham, a brother of the Chief Justice. Thus it happened that on the 6th of August, 1607, two little English vessels, the *Gift of God* and the *Mary and John*, came to anchor off Monhegan Island—that Plymouth Rock of Maine. A boat was sent ashore and the cross was found that Waymouth had planted two years earlier and then they sailed on to Allen's Island where the following Sunday they held the first recorded Thanksgiving services ever to be observed in New England.

The following week the expedition sailed on towards the mainland and soon passed a cape where the smooth rocks looked like white sand and the tide swept by with great violence. This is thought to have been Cape Smallpoint where the tides are very swift even to this day. With them they had Skitwarroes, one of the kidnapped Maine Indians who now gladly found himself back near his old friends. Skitwarroes soon proved to be of inestimable value to the English in pacifying the still enraged natives.

Following a night spent in being tossed about in a wild tempest during which they nearly lost both their vessels, the colonists explored up the lordly Sagadahoc—the Kennebec—and finally selected a beautiful headland of over a hundred acres as the site of their colony. It was located on

the west bank of the Kennebec in what is the present town of Phippsburg near Hunneywell Point. Here a fort and some dwellings were erected and the settlement was christened St. George.

TROUBLE STARTS

When the two vessels returned to England in December but 45 settlers remained and part of them were ex-jail birds, having been taken from English prisons, for in that the English had made the same mistake DeMonts had made a few years before. The result was that controversies soon arose between the settlers. They found out all too soon that the land which had looked so fertile when they landed was really nothing but a sand bank and then much valuable time was spent looking for a better location, though they could not possibly have made use of it then, so advanced was the season.

Then one day a settler induced some friendly Indians to line up before a small cannon ostensibly to pull it to a new location, and as soon as they were all within range, the rascal fired the big gun, which, while it was only loaded with powder, still proved able to kill and maim most of them. The blackguard claimed he wanted to impress the Abenakis with the deadliness of his weapon and it can at least be said that he took a very effective method of doing so.

A little later a fierce quarrel sprang up between the settlers and the Indians during which the English were driven from their fort. While ransacking the place, the redmen soon came to some barrels of powder which, childishly, they commenced to scatter to the four winds, wholly unaware of its deadly nature. Suddenly a terrible explosion rocked the place; the fort was destroyed and many Indians were killed. Luckily for the English, the savages mistook this terrifying disaster for the anger of the Great Spirit at their treatment of the white strangers and they sued for peace, else the colony would likely have ended then and there.

An "Old-fashioned Winter" now set in with lots of snow and intense cold and having lost most of their provisions and arms, the colonists were soon glad to live on fish and dog meat and in

this manner they managed to eke out a miserable existence through a seemingly endless Maine winter. When the supply ship returned in the spring the little settlement quickly broke up. Some of the members took passage to Virginia but 55 elected to remain on the Maine coast. These were never heard of again and are known as Maine's "lost colony," a fascinating mystery which has never yet been solved. In all probability, however, they were either taken captive by the Indians or else joined some of the numerous fishing vessels that thronged that coast in summer. Thus ended the first real attempt to found an English colony in New England; 12 years before the coming of the Mayflower.

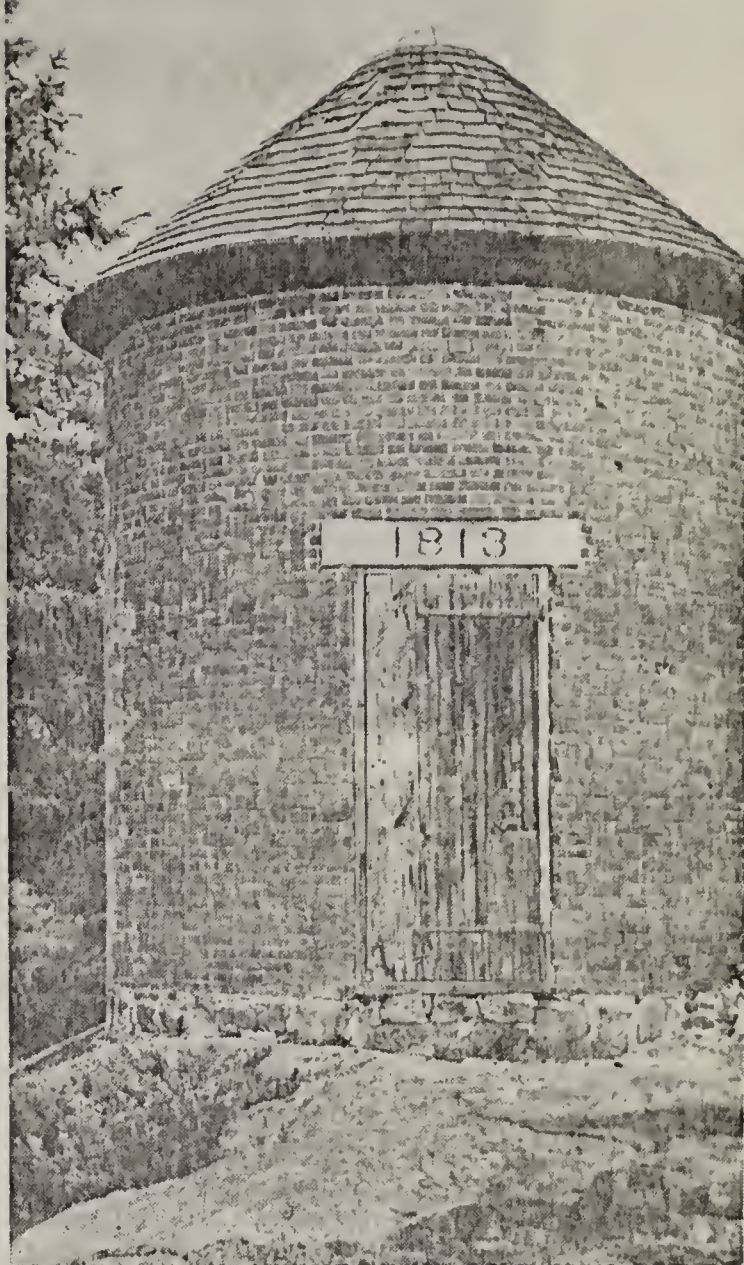
THE ROMANTIC TALE OF JOHN SMITH

As the fascinating figure of Capt. John Smith now enters into the story of Maine it may do no harm to tell a little of his remarkable life. His parents having died while he was young, Smith at the youthful age of 15 left England and served a thorough apprenticeship in the art of war under both the French and Dutch on the continent. When peace was finally declared he sailed for Rome with some Pilgrims who promptly threw him overboard like another Jonah when the weather proved rough and he was found to be a heretic. Fortunately, being a strong and able swimmer, he managed to reach an uninhabited island in the Mediterranean where he was later picked up by a passing boat and taken to Egypt.

Just at this time the Turks were on the rampage and in fact were at the very doors of Vienna itself. Things looked very black for Christendom at the moment and so it is not surprising to hear that the valiant Smith placed himself at the service of the sorely pressed emperor. Not long after this, the Turkish and Christian armies, drawn up before each other, witnessed a dramatic spectacle of John Smith acting as the Christian champion, fighting and killing three Turkish champions in succession.

A little later in a battle in Transylvania, Smith was left on the field of battle badly wounded. This time his rich apparel saved him as the Turks decided to keep him for ransom rather than kill him. When his wounds had healed, he was marched to Constantinople and sold for a slave, being bought by a beautiful young Turkish girl who promptly fell in love with him. As she was under age and feared her mother would sell him against her wishes, she had him sent to her brother in Tartary for safe keeping, planning to marry him as soon as she was old enough to have her own way. Her brother, however, probably not fancying a Christian dog for a brother-in-law, proceeded to treat Smith with great cruelty, even to clipping all his hair off, stripping him starked naked and then riveting a great iron ring around his neck. Finally one day in desperation, Smith leaped at his master, Timor, when the latter came riding by, and beat his brains out with the flail he was using to thresh grain with. Then donning the Tartar's fine clothes and mounting his speedy horse, he made off into the desert.

For eighteen days he rode on, finally coming to a Russian outpost on the river Don and there the Russians finally succeeded in sawing the heavy iron ring from around his neck and setting him free. Returning to Germany, he was hailed in triumph as an escaped Christian slave and personally honored by the Emporor with a purse of gold. Setting sail for England, his ship was blown far off its course and fi-



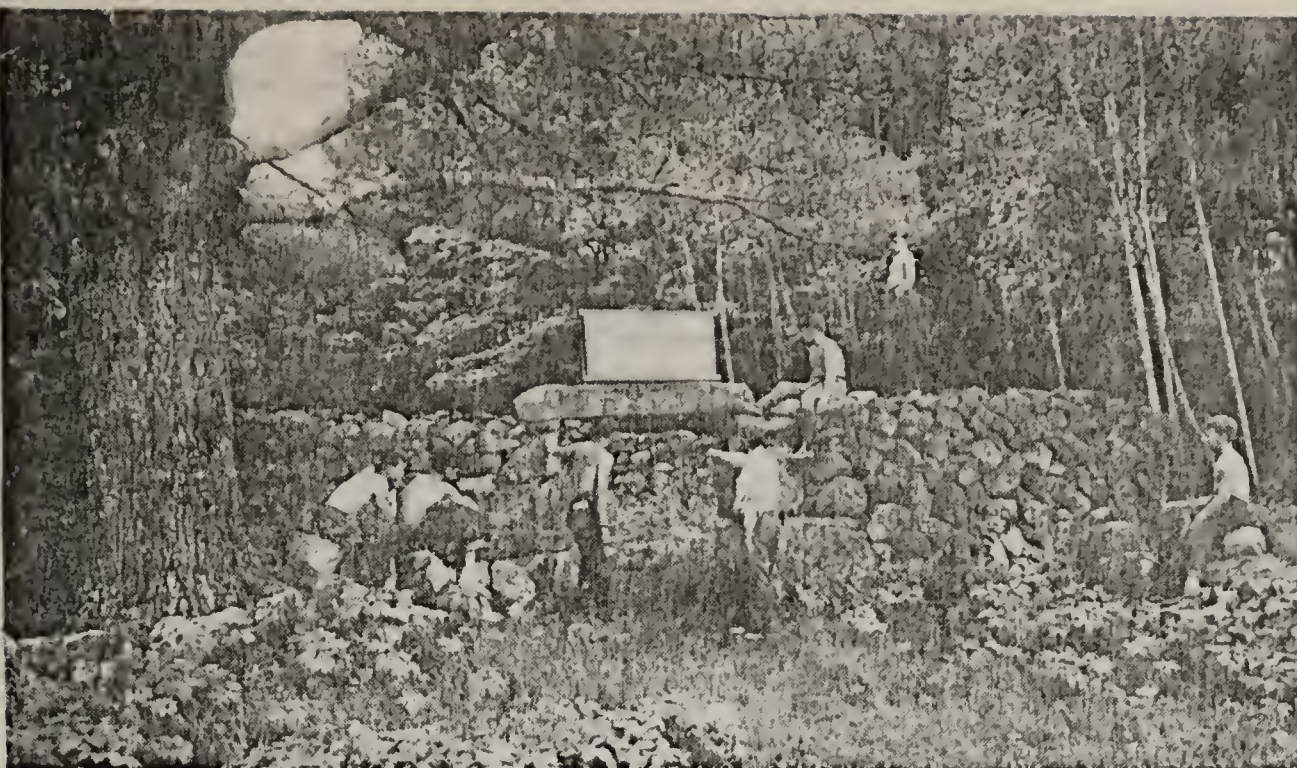
The Old Powder House at Wiscasset

nally sighted the Canary Islands. Here he and the ship ran into two Spanish frigates and it was only after a desperate battle that they were finally driven off with Smith's help. Eventually our adventurer did succeed in reaching his homeland and with 1000 gold ducats in his pocket at that.

Most men would have called it a day and settled down to a life of ease, but John Smith was not of that calibre and he now flung himself enthusiastically into the work of colonizing the new world by joining the Jamestown expedition. On the way over to Virginia he was falsely accused of conspiracy and when the ships reached Dominica in the West Indies, gallows were actually erected to hang him on when he put up such a spirited defence that he finally convinced his associates he was not guilty and was even awarded \$1000 as damages.

POCOHONTAS INTERVENES

When troubles commenced to multiply in the feeble settlement, everybody turned to Smith and his trading trips to the Indian country for corn, saved them all from starvation. One day, while thus engaged, he became separated from his companions and was captured by the Indians. He was then taken before Powhatan, the king of all the countryside for many leagues around. After feasting Smith on all manner of delicacies, a large stone was brought into the banquet hall and the brave captain was forced to lay his head down on this



The Old Cattle-Pound at Jefferson (Built in 1829)

hard pillow. Then, just as Powhatan's warriors were about to beat their guest's brains out with their war clubs, the king's favorite daughter, Pocohontas, laying her head on his, interceded with her father and saved his life.

Returning to Jamestown borne down with many gifts the king had given him—for the changeable Powhatan was by now his firm friend—he continued to help the little colony get on its feet. One night, however, while sleeping out in a boat, his powder caught fire and Smith was so terribly burned that he had to return to England for medical aid. Soon growing restless again, he set sail in March of 1614 for the Sagadahoc River in Maine. His plans were to found a settlement somewhere near the location of the ill-fated Popham Colony. Arriving at the mouth of the Kennebec, he built some small boats and thoroughly explored the coast and then spent most of the rest of the summer spearing whales with the Indians. These proved to be of little value, however, as they were a variety that contained but little oil.

While thus off whaling with his red friends, his men engaged in the agreeable pursuit of searching for the fabulous gold mines they had been told about. Needless to say they made no more profit from their mines than the good Captain did from his whales, but at that, everybody was satisfied in the end because they managed to fill the hold of their vessel with a cargo of furs and dried fish which brought in enough profit to amply satisfy their backers in England.

Smith was not back long in England before Sir Ferdinando fitted out another ship and again put him in command; asking him once more to try to establish a colony in Maine. As this expedition was very carefully planned, there can be but little doubt but that under Smith's brilliant leadership success would have been attained and that neither the severity of the climate, the enmity of the Indians nor the encroachment of the French would have deterred him.

No sooner, however, had he set sail than a terrible storm came up and soon in a sinking condition, he was forced to limp back into Plymouth. Two months later he set sail again in another ves-

sel and this time when only a few days out, he was overtaken by an English pirate but in spite of the pleadings of his officers that he surrender, Smith bluffed it out and escaped. Hardly had they regained their composure, however, before two French pirates now overtook them. Again Smith's cowardly officers wanted to surrender, but he forced them to fight by threatening to blow up the ship with all on board if they would not, so fight they did and in the end drove the French corsairs off.

Proceeding on its way, it was not long before the unlucky ship met with a fleet of nine French warships. This was a little too much of a mouthful for even John Smith. But strange as it may appear, he actually once more managed to bluff his way through and was going on his way when his own officers, perhaps from lack of excitement, mutinied and insisted upon returning home. As the French fleet was standing by, Smith now had the audacity to board the flagship and ask the admiral for help in subduing the English mutineers. While he was discussing the matter, however, a strange sail hove in sight and off went the entire French fleet like a pack of hounds after a fox with poor John Smith on board.

Smith's officers now sailed back to England and told a sad tale about the great captain having been kidnapped and killed by the French, to the utter despair of Gorges. The resolute captain, however, was not to be so easily disposed of. For two months he was forced to accompany the French on their cruise and during that time he valiantly helped them fight the Spaniards. Then one night while off the coast of France and in the midst of a terrible storm, he leaped boldly into the sea and was tossed up onto a neighboring island more dead than alive. Here the kindly fisherfolk helped him reach England and, believe it or not, the very night he left the French warship, it was wrecked in the storm and all hands lost.

It was at this time that the captain published his famous map of "New England" and wrote a brief history of the country he had explored. This was the first time this section had been called by that title and New England it has remained to this day. The map Smith published proved to be

singularly accurate and was of great assistance to the Pilgrims four years later.

THE GREAT PESTILENCE

Soon Captain Smith was once more sent out by Gorges with two more ships to try again to found a colony in Maine. But England and France were at war by now, the ships were captured and Smith and his colonists were taken prisoners to France. After a brief lapse of time, the Plymouth Company sent out a ship under the command of Captain Hawkins but when this bold mariner reached Maine, he found the entire coast embroiled in a bloody Indian war, which, before it was finished, nearly depopulated New England of its dusky inhabitants. Hawkins had to be satisfied with a cargo of fish, as the times proved to be too troublesome for him to even think of starting a colony.

Following this Indian war there came a terrible pestilence which decimated the remaining redmen. Just what this pestilence was nobody seems to know. Some think it was smallpox and others, yellow fever, but the strange thing about it is that never a white man was known to catch it though in many cases they slept in the abandoned lodges and villages of the stricken natives.

SPYING OUT THE LAND

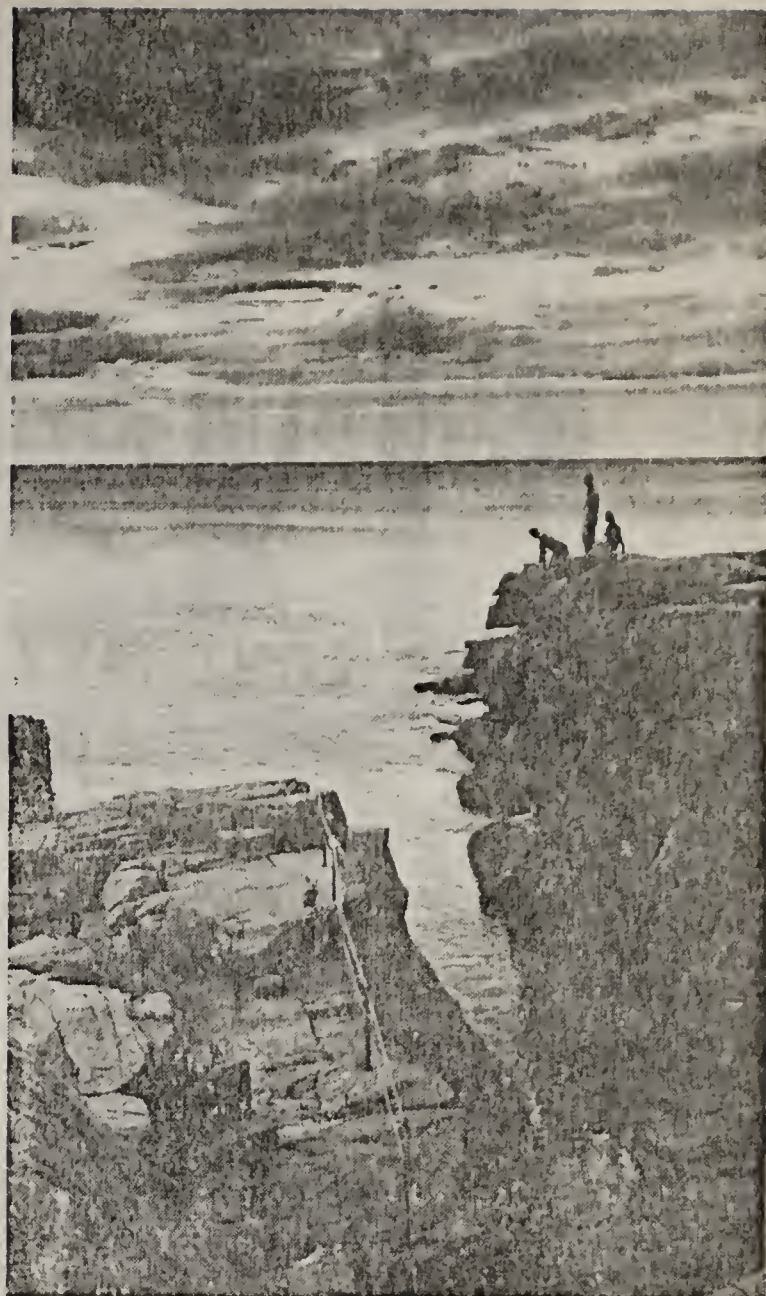
It was at this time that Richard Vines and his followers were sent to spend a winter in Maine to see if the climate was or was not too severe for Englishmen to winter through, as the survivors of the Popham Colony had painted the country as another Greenland. Vines and his party spent a very pleasant winter on the Saco with the Indians in one of their villages and though his red neighbors died off like flies from the plague, he reported that neither he nor any of his men experienced even a headache. The glowing reports sent back by this band of hardy pioneers probably saved New England to the English, because interest was renewed and fresh attempts at colonization made in a land they had commenced to believe unfit for white inhabitants.

The plague also proved to be a boon because now there was but a very small and enfeebled Indian population to cope with. Many question whether the Pilgrims would have made a success of their Plymouth Plantation if the Indian population had been as large as it was a few years previously and then, too, the abandoned cornfields of the stricken redmen proved a lifesaver to the passengers of the Mayflower.

Captain Smith essayed one last attempt at settling Maine following the Indian war, but this expedition became "Wind-bound" for three months and was reluctantly forced to turn back to England. He was, however, given the honorary title of "Admiral of New England," an encomium he richly deserved.

THE MYSTERIOUS PAVED STREETS OF PEMAQUID

While Sir Ferdinando was making such persistent efforts to colonize Maine, it is now believed the hardy fishermen from northern Europe had actually built a flourishing town at ancient Pemaquid, dating back possibly as far as 1603 or 4. If true, this would make it the oldest settlement on the North American coast. Excavations at this exceedingly interesting place have revealed ancient paved



Thunder Hole, Bar Harbor, Mount Desert

roads of stone leading down to the water's edge and the crumbling stone walls of over 200 cellars. Pipes and spoons of the Elizabethan age have been uncovered and monumental stones bearing dates from 1606 to 1610. It still remains a great mystery; some even claiming that here are the ruins of a once flourishing Norse settlement dating back perhaps to nearly 500 years before the discovery of America by Columbus and then later occupied by transient English fishermen who thronged the Maine coast in summer. In any event, the island of Monhegan was settled early by these same fishermen and from here, coastal settlements gradually spread out in all directions.

HOW MAINE CAME BY ITS NAME

The origin of the name "Maine" is still a matter of speculation, some favoring the view that as the coast with its many islands was always called "the main" it derived its name from that source. Again no lesser authority than the redoubtable Captain John Smith, himself, stated the Indians called the land "Mayne." However, the most plausible explanation seems to be that it was named for the Province of Maine in France, which was the birthplace of Queen Henrietta Maria, King Charles I of England's consort.

HOW MAINE PAID THE PILGRIM'S DEBTS

While not generally known, it is a fact that the Pilgrims were deeply in debt when they disembarked.



Sylvan Quiet on Lovely Lake Kezar

ed from the Mayflower and landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620. Not being endowed with many worldly goods, they were forced to get financial assistance to pay their way over and buy needed supplies for the new colony. In return, they signed an agreement with their backers, the Virginia Company, agreeing to pay them half the profits that might accrue during the ensuing seven years.

The year following their arrival there were no profits at all to divide; instead they had to go deeper in debt to keep the little colony going and in fact, each succeeding year they had to import many goods. As their land proved to be rather poor, they had but few farm products to export and while fur trading around Massachusetts Bay was profitable, it was not very extensive. So in 1625 they sent six of their young men in a small sailing shallop to trade for furs in Maine. They filled the little boat with as much corn as it would hold, as that season had been the first when they had had an abundant harvest. Covering their precious corn over carefully so that it might not get wet, they steered boldly up the coast and finally sighted Sequin Island. From there they crossed over to Merrymeeting Bay and then up the noble Sagadahoc or Kennebec River. After passing one large Indian town they finally reached rapid water beyond which they could not go. However, here they found another large native settlement and these Indians turned out to be very friendly, so they were soon busy trading their corn for beaver skins and other peltries. When their corn was gone they found they had 700 pounds of beaver skins. These pelts made the first substantial payment on their debt.

Finding the profit good and the supply of furs plentiful and cheap, they established a trading post at Cushnoc—now the site of Augusta, the capital of Maine. Here John Alden, who married Priscilla, and Capt. Myles Standish and other Pilgrims ventured with cargoes of corn and wampum and returned heavy laden with the rich furs of the Maine woods. Thus from the profits of this northern fur trade the Pilgrims paid off their debt; one more instance of where Massachusetts is deeply indebted to Maine.

GORGEANA, THE CITY IN THE WILDERNESS

Sir Ferdinando Gorges was destined never to see the fruitful land he was so enthusiastic about. Finally appointed governor of New England, he was having a new warship built to carry him over to the land of his dreams, when it rolled over in the stocks and for some unknown reason, England, of all countries, seems to have been unable to spare another, so poor Sir Ferdinando never was able to take up his duties.

All the land from the Kennebec to the Piscataqua River was granted to him, however, and he named it New Somersetshire, after his English home. When this colony at last commenced to prosper, he decided it was time to found a city that would be a fitting capital for his province. For that purpose he selected a tract of land 21 miles square on the York river almost in the shadow of Mount Agamenticus and christened it Gorgeana.

Sir Ferdinando had high ideals and was not for a moment satisfied to have Gorgeana grow up from a small beginning like any other orderly Maine settlement. Instead, it was built overnight, as you might say, and then enough colonists were sent in to occupy it. When everything was completed, as a finishing touch, he installed all the elaborate ceremonial of a full grown English city; a mayor, councilmen, aldermen and policemen, the latter having as a badge of office a white rod. As the little town never had over 300 inhabitants, all this folderol only made the place topheavy and upon the waning of Gorges' influence in England, Gorgeana soon reverted to the status of frontier village and was renamed York, a name it retains to this day.

MOUNT AGAMENTICUS

This solitary eminence on the southern coast of Maine is supposed to have been the first land sighted by Bartholomew Gosnold when he was exploring for England in 1603. Its name in Abenaki means "the other side of the river" and it was considered as more or less sacred by the aborigines and many are the legends told about it. St. Aspinquid, who was one of John Eliot's Indian converts, made this mountain his home in his later years and is said to have died here. A grave marker formerly

stood high up on the mountain's side, where the saint's grave was supposed to have been, which bore the following rather remarkable inscription—

"Present Useful: Absent Wanted:
Lived Desired: Died Lamented."

One legend relates that this mysterious Indian was none other than the great Passaconaway himself, the powerful sachem of the Pennacooks, who retired here in his old age. Be that as it may, St. Aspinquid is said to have died here in 1682 at the ripe old age of 94, after spending more than half a century preaching Christianity to the redmen from Maine even to California, some say. At his burial service were sachems from tribes far and near and a great hunt was staged to get game to be used for a burnt offering. It is said 7000 wild animals were sacrificed including 36 moose, 82 wild cats and 99 bears.

About the time this amazing hunt was going on, a coasting vessel was wrecked off the York shore and all on board perished but four men, who managed to reach an outlying island. As days passed, all hope had been given up by the starving survivors when one morning a vast column of smoke was seen rising from the flat top of Mt. Agamenticus—the burnt offering of the redmen to their patron saint. Their courage renewed, the castaways succeeded in getting some driftwood together and finally attracted the attention of the mourners on the mountain top. Upon being rescued, the shipwrecked mariners named their haven Boon Island and there off the Maine coast it lies to this day.

THE EXPLOITS OF DIXIE BULL

The island fringed coast of Maine with its many inlets and rivers would appear to have been made to order for pirates and their craft and so it is not strange that at a very early period they appear on the scene. The famous Dixie Bull was the first one of distinction. He came over from London to help Gorges in the development of his York patent and was a gentleman of parts. During the summer of 1632 Bull had charge of a small vessel which he used while trading for furs and peltries in the Penobscot Bay region. One day while his vessel was anchored at a trading post the Pilgrims had established at Castine and he and most of his men were absent trading with the Indians, a small French vessel in distress crept into the port and begged for the privilege of landing to make repairs.

Permission was given and they beached their vessel but, when the French found that there were only three or four servants left in town, they commenced to look things over with renewed interest. Noting a small arsenal of guns hanging on a side wall, they crowded over and commenced to praise them and then when they had them securely in their hands, they suddenly turned and cowed the defenders and helped themselves to whatever they wanted in Bull's schooner.

Great was the rage of this worthy when upon his return he found his vessel stripped of everything of value. He then and there swore he would turn privateer and prey upon the French in Arcadia and on their shipping. With a crew of twenty men he ranged up and down the coast, but before long he and his men were nigh unto starving. Then in desperation he determined to turn pirate and capture anything that came his way, whether English or French and before long he was doing a thriving business sacking English vessels. At last he grew so bold that he sailed right into Pemaquid Harbor and



Old Wiscasset

finding most of the men folk in the fields, stripped the fort and settlement of over \$2500 worth of plunder.

When this outrage was reported to the Bay Colony, Governor Winthrop sent four vessels to run the adventurer down, but all they ever found of Bull was a message he left which read, "We now proceed southward—never shall hurt any more of your countrymen—rather be sunk than taken. Fortune le Garde." His subsequent career is a matter of speculation but rumor has it that he eventually was strung up by the neck in the docks in England. He never allowed his men to get drunk, but when law-abiding sea captains were calling their men to evening prayer, he would assemble his with "Now we'll have a story and a song." His fame has lived long on the coast of Maine.

THE ROMANCE OF 'BIGUYDUCE

For sheer romance out of the past it would be hard to find any locality in Maine that can hold a candle to the quaint and delightful little town of Castine on Penobscot Bay. The Indians who had a happy faculty for naming places, called it Passa-geewakeag, meaning "The place of spirits," and it would seem that if this title is appropriate—and there are many who claim it is—then the narrow streets of this little village must indeed be crowded at times with the shades of a motley mixture of savages, pirates, cavaliers and noblemen not to speak of Catholic priests and Huguenot ministers. For,



Maine's Rock-bound Coast at Newagen

for many years the peninsula of 'Biguyduce commanded the fur trade of the Penobscot and many there were who sought to gain possession of this rich prize.

Called by the various names of 'Biguyduce, Pentagoet, Castine and Belfast Bay, it was first used by the Pilgrims for a trading post; then taken by the French; afterwards captured by the Dutch; taken again by the French and finally turned over to the English who in turn were to take it from the Americans at the opening of the Revolution only to hand it back again to them when American independence was won. As if this record was not enough for one small town, it was again taken by the British in the war of 1812.

Flushed by the success of the trading post they had established at Cushnoc on the Kennebec, the Pilgrims sailed yet farther up the coast and built one at 'Biguyduce, although they well knew that it was part of Arcadia and so in French territory. Two years later when their agent was driven from the post by the French, the Plymouth Colony was greatly incensed as it had been doing a very lucrative business with the Indians. They struck back by sending "one Girling" a great fire-eater, who was accompanied by Capt. Myles Standish of Priscilla Alden fame. When afar off, Girling commenced to let his big guns thunder at the yet distant Pentagoet, much to the disgust of the stalwart Standish who complained that Girling "began to shoot at a distance like a mad man." The upshot of it all was that the bombastic Girling used up all his powder long before he came within striking distance of the French and was, perforce, reduced to the extremity of returning home without having inflicted any injury on the enemy.

DARK AND BLOODY DAYS

If it had not been for King Charles of England ceding all the territory north of the Penobscot to France as a marriage settlement when he married the French princess Henrietta Maria, an untold amount of horror and agony might have been spared the Maine settlements. As we have seen, a few years later the French drove the Pilgrims out of Pentagoet and soon they strongly entrenched themselves in the ceded territory which they called Arcadia.

In the meantime, however, the fruitful valley of the Kennebec had become dotted with settlers' cabins, as families of 15 and 20 children were the rule in those days. The forests were alive with game and the lakes and rivers with fine fish and in the spring and fall the sky was darkened by great flocks of wild ducks and geese. In short the settlers found here a land actually flowing in milk and honey.

The rugged, out of door life rapidly changed the rather heavy-set English into a tall, lean race that was as hard as nails and as much at home in the forest as the redmen themselves. The news of this new country spread rapidly all over England and so many started migrating that King Charles actually became alarmed lest his whole kingdom move over bodily and several emigrant ships were detained in port for quite a time before permission could be had to sail.

Thus things prospered in Maine till 1675 when the First Indian War started. Anyone living that year and viewing the prosperous farms and settlements along the coast and up the valley of the great Kennebec would have found it hard to believe that this fair scene would shortly be changed to one of blackened desolation, for it was in July of 1675 that King Philip's War opened in the old Bay Colony and from that time on, for a century or more, Maine was to be tried by fire and bloodshed as few frontiers have ever been.

The conflict soon spread to the valley of the Kennebec where the proud Abenakis, becoming alarmed at the encroachments of the whites, decided to fight for their homeland. In a very short time the warwhoops of the Indians and the smoke of burning settlements became commonplace on most of the Maine frontier. The powerful Penacooks of the Merrimac valley and the Penobscots and Tarratines of the Penobscot held aloof and for a time the dread Sokosis of the Saco did not join in. One day, however, some half drunken sailors happening to see a squaw paddling up the Saco with her baby, decided to find out whether there was any truth in the oft repeated statement of that day that papooses could swim like ducks from the day they were born. So they ruthlessly upset the canoe and the Indian baby promptly went to the

bottom and would have drowned had not its mother immediately dived for it. As it was, the infant died a few days later from exposure. While science was perhaps enriched a little by the knowledge thus gained that an Indian baby can no more swim than his white brother, the settlements were to pay for it in a no uncertain manner, for this squaw was the wife of the dread Squando, powerful sachem of the Sokosis, and soon the settlements had these dread warriors on their trail as well as the Abenakis.

THE ATTACK ON SACO

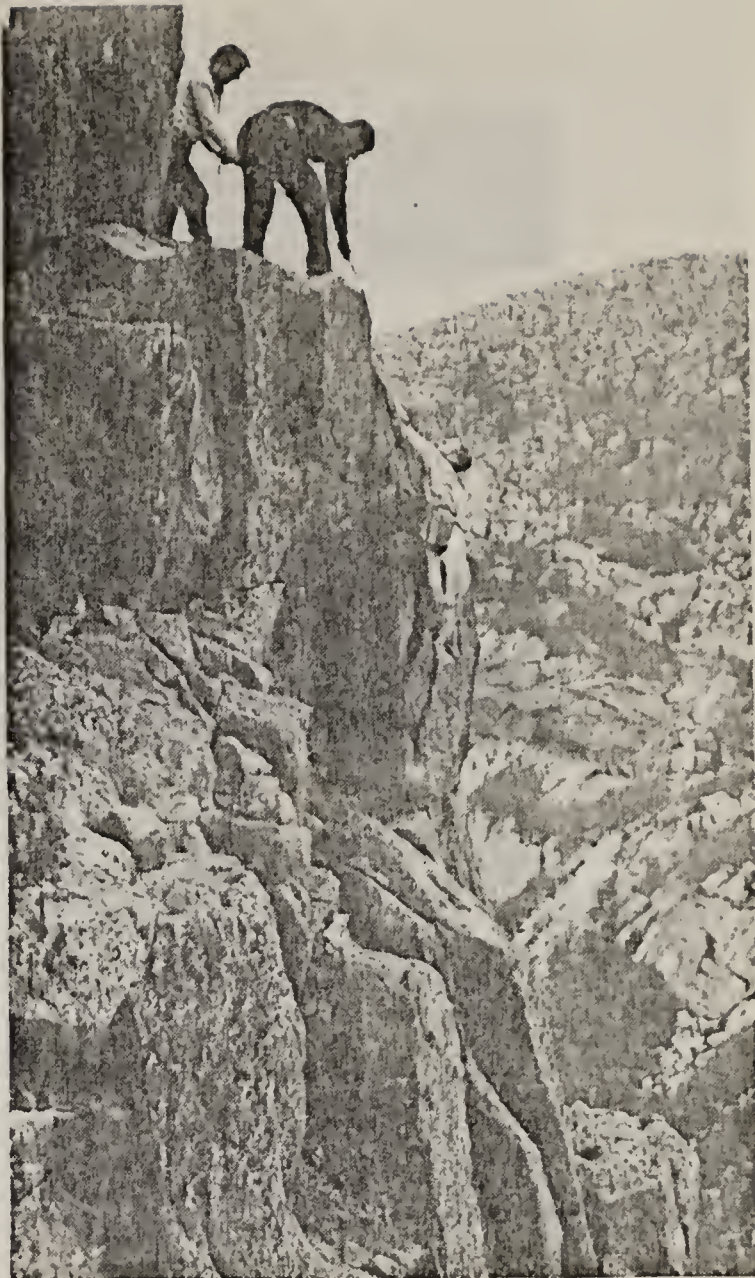
It would take a large volume to enumerate all the terrible incidents of the following hundred years or so as one Indian war followed on the heels of another, but a few may be mentioned. For instance, there was the desperate attack on Saco. The inhabitants had been warned by a friendly redskin that an attack was to be made and everybody fled to the home of Major Phillips, who lived on the Biddeford side of the river. From that vantage point the next morning, they witnessed their homes going up in flames and all that day they were able to keep the "red varmints" in check only by a heavy fusillade of bullets.

When night came, the savages filled a large ox cart with inflammable material and setting it on fire, slowly pushed it toward the little garrison, taking shelter as they did so, behind the slowly advancing breastwork. Fifty people were crowded into the improvised fort—mostly women and children and their suspense can be imagined as they watched their doom approaching in the form of the creaking cart. Although the woods and grounds by now were lit up as bright as day by the leaping flames it was impossible to pick the Indians off, so cleverly did they keep out of sight. Thus steadily the cart came on and hope had all but been abandoned when one of the huge wheels lurched into a rut and the flaming barricade slewed sidewise, thus exposing the struggling Indians. You may be sure the defenders were not long in taking advantage of this unexpected good fortune and the following morning not a redskin was to be seen anywhere, in the neighborhood.

THE GIRL WHO SAVED HER FRIENDS

Then there was the attack on South Berwick. Fifteen women and children took refuge in the home of John Tozier which stood in an isolated position on the outskirts of the town. Tozier himself, along with most of the other men of the little settlement, had gone to the relief of Winter Harbor, only to be cut off with his companions, almost to a man, in an ambush on the way.

An eighteen year old miss discovered the approaching Indians led by a friend of Squando's, one of the most dreaded of the Sokosis warriors. The young girl had only time to give the alarm and slam the big door of the cabin too. Then, fearful lest it give way before the assault of the redskins, she stood by and braced with all her strength till the hatchets of her foe finally cut through. As the savages dashed in the door, the rest of the family leaped from the window on the other side of the cabin and made for the fort. Two of the younger children who lagged behind, were caught and one was tomahawked and the other carried into captivity. The exasperated Indians were so enraged at the heroic girl who had held the fort till the others had time to escape that they fell on her with their hatchets and left her for dead. It is pleasant to relate, however, that she revived a little and was able to drag herself to the garrison house where she eventually recovered and actually lived to tell



Scaling Mile High Mount Katabdin

the tale to her grandchildren. Such was the tough fiber of our New England ancestors.

Another story is told of Captain Frost of Sturgeon Creek who, when fired on, had just time to reach his cabin and bar the door. With him were only his three small boys, but he kept them busy loading rifles while he fired from different sides of the cabin, all the while issuing orders as if to a large force of men. The stratagem worked and the Indians finally withdrew thinking the place too strongly defended for them to take.

As winter came on the countryside was deserted; crops lay out ungathered while men, women and children were huddled in forts and towns. The Indians were not in a much better condition as they had no provisions or anything to buy them with. Peace might have come that fall but for Major Waldron, the unscrupulous commandant of Cocheco, now Dover, N. H.

This worthy commenced to issue warrants to anybody who wanted them, permitting them to seize Indians for a misdemeanor. The warrants soon fell into the hands of unprincipled sea captains who cruised along the coast kidnapping any natives they might meet with and then taking them to the West Indies for slaves. At Pemaquid the Indians had remained friendly through all this reign of terror but one of these slavers put in there just the same and despite the entreaties of the whites, carried off some of the friendly Indians. This aroused



Six O'clock in the Morning at Saddleback Lake

the redmen afresh and to make matters worse, King Philip having been crushed in Massachusetts, many of his renegade Indians now fled to the Maine wilderness and stirred up the Abenakis to renewed hostilities, so that the following year was one long remembered in the annals of Maine, for a crimson wave of bloodshed and rapine spread over the entire frontier.

SIMON, "THE YANKEE KILLER"

Three of the most vicious of King Philip's renegade Pequots were called Simon, Andrew and Peter, and of these, Simon, who became known far and wide as "The Yankee Killer," was easily the worst. After the downfall of King Philip these three fled to the Penacooks whose lodges dotted the Merrimac, but these Indians, not wishing for trouble, turned them over to the English who kept them under confinement for a time at Cocheco (now Dover, N. H.). Finally escaping, they made their way to the Maine coast where soon their depredations around Casco Bay spread terror everywhere.

Approaching a settler of this region named Anthony Brackett, Simon soon won his confidence by posing as a "praying Indian" as the converts of the Indian apostle, John Eliot were called. Brackett had recently lost a cow, so he asked his new friend to aid him in recovering it. Simon readily promised to bring the redmen who were responsible for the outrage to Brackett's cabin, but when he returned, it was at the head of a file of hostile savages who quickly bound up Brackett and his wife and their five children. Brackett's brother-in-law, who offered resistance, was shot down in cold blood as were three other men who were making hay in the nearby fields.

The Bracketts were being led along the north shore of Casco Bay when an Indian runner brought their captors welcome news of the capture of the Arrowsic garrison house by some others of their band. Realizing what a wealth of booty there was to be divided there, the Indians were actually naive enough to offer their prisoners a share in it if they would follow along, carrying the loads they had strapped to their backs. Feigning consent to this astonishing proposition, Brackett's clever wife was

even able to induce the savages to give them some meat to eat while on the way. As soon as the redskins had departed, the little party backtracked to an old birchbark canoe the goodwife had spied on the waterfront as they were being led along. The canoe was found to be full of holes, as it had been abandoned as beyond repair, but the resourceful woman managed to mend the rents with a needle and thread she picked up in an abandoned cabin. Then they courageously paddled across the bay in this fragile craft—a distance of eight or nine miles—to Black Point, now known as Scarborough. Here they were fortunate enough to find a schooner bound southward and in this way escaped.

THE DESTRUCTION OF ARROWSIC GARRISON HOUSE

This Arrowsic garrison house, whose capture proved so providential to the Brackets, was considered at that time to be one of the strongest fortresses in Maine. It was located at the mouth of the Kennebec on Arrowsic Island and besides the garrison house—which was really a magnificent mansion fortified—there were mills, shipyards and all the appurtenances of a prosperous frontier settlement and trading post. Early one Sunday morning, as the sleepy sentinel was leaving his post and entering the big gate of the stockade, a lurking savage followed close at his heels and when he silently struck him down, 100 savages rushed through the now open gate into the fort. The next moment the garrison was dumfounded to hear dread warwhoops resounding inside their defences. A fierce resistance was put up for a time but that failing, the defenders fled to the beach and made off to a neighboring island in canoes. The Indians followed closely behind and killed many on the water. One of the officers, Captain Davis, was very badly wounded but managed to reach the island refuge where hiding among the rocks, he was forced to stay for several days, all the time suffering terribly from his wounds. When the redskins finally departed, he crawled down to the beach and managed to roll himself into a canoe and drifted away to safety.

WALDRON'S RUSE

Finally the Puritans becoming alarmed lest this



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red scourge spread to the very borders of Massachusetts, despatched a strong force of soldiers to compel peace and Major Waldron, the huge Indian trader who commanded the fort at Cocheco, sent out word to all well-disposed Indians to gather at the fort for a powwow. Indians from far and near assembled, many of them friendly to the whites as were the Penacooks, while among the hostiles were some of King Philip's stragglers who had escaped from the slaughter at Narragansett Bay. The Puritan troops were all for falling on the assembled redmen then and there and slaughtering them to a man, but it is to Waldron's credit that at least he protested very strongly against this, saying that he had given his word to the Indians that they should not be molested.

He was, however, as anxious as anybody to seize the troublemaking Pequots and their ringleaders and his wily brain finally conceived a plan for accomplishing this without running any risk on his part. It was suggested to the Indians—who always loved pageants—that a sham battle should be held between them and the English forces and as a special privilege, the redmen were to be allowed to fire the first round, both sides loading their guns with powder only. Then when the trusting savages had emptied their guns, the soldiers of course closed in on them with loaded muskets and sent 200 of them to Boston for trial, from whence most of them were later shipped to the West Indies as slaves. The Indians never forgave this perfidious act and later exacted full pay from Waldron. Waldron had also been in the habit of using his huge fist in lieu of a pound weight when weighing out the Indians' furs, thus cheating his dusky customers most outrageously. This pleasant little eccentricity on his part was not forgotten either as we shall see.

One Indian, who escaped that day, ran into the home of a good woman named Elizabeth Heard and she secreted him till the soldiers had departed. Thirteen years later she got her reward too, when returning late one night from Portsmouth she found Cocheco in flames. A tall Indian raised his tomahawk and was about to scalp her as she sank to the ground in terror expecting this was her end. But the warrior glanced at her keenly for a moment, and then raised her up and assured her she was safe. It was the fugitive she had saved from Waldron's soldiers thirteen years before.

MUGG, SACHEM OF THE TARRATINES

Major Waldron now rebuilt the fortress at Casco and a few of the bolder settlers started returning to their demolished homesteads. But a couple of days after Waldron's ship sailed for home from Casco, 120 Indians under the command of the famous Tarratine chief Mugg made a furious assault on the rebuilt fort. Mugg, realizing the garrison was very strong, induced the commander Jocelyn to come outside and hold a parley with him. As Mugg had been an old time friend of the whites and had always scrupulously kept his word, Jocelyn accepted the invitation. The crafty Mugg, however, while discussing easy terms of surrender with the commandant, gradually drew him some little distance from the fort. Great was this worthy's surprise upon his return to find that everybody except his servant had fled to the boats. Thus the masterly Mugg secured a strong fortress without any bloodshed as had been his intention all along.

A boat was sent to Richmond's Island in Casco Bay to remove some settlers and their property. While part of the men were on shore, the Indians made a fierce attack and either killed or made pris-



"Beauty and the Speckled Beauties"

oners of everybody. The prisoners arranged, however, to ransom themselves with more goods and so sent two of their number to the mainland for the ransom. While they were gone the Indian guards were changed and upon the return of the two whites, contrary to the sworn word of the redmen, they were seized along with the goods they had brought.

When Mugg heard of this, he was very angry and a few days later he carried the dying captain of the imprisoned party on his own back clear to the settlement at Piscataqua where he told the authorities he was tired of the war and had come to arrange a peace. Mugg was taken to Boston where he signed a treaty of peace in the name of his master, the great Chief Madockawando. But the war kept on as the powerful Abenakis of the Kennebec country refused to quit. Mugg now tried to influence the hostile Canibas and Abenakis to accept his treaty but without much success.

Terror and death continued to stalk the land; the fruitful valley of the Kennebec was turned into a shambles; Damariscotta, New Harbor and even Pemaquid itself—that strongly fortified town that had for so long felt safe in the midst of its friendly Indians—all went up in smoke. Finally in sheer desperation the remaining settlers were forced to leave their beloved Kennebec empire and fall back to their first settlement, the island of Monhegan which they soon filled to overflowing. Here at last they found comparative safety, surrounded as they



"Look Out or the Wild Waves'll Get You," Old Orchard Beach

were by the sea. Finally in 1678 the first Indian War came to an end, and none too soon at that, for a little more of this red misery and Maine would have been left as untamed as when first sighted by white men.

The great Mugg took up arms again when the English treacherously employed his traditional enemies, the fierce Mohawks from New York to fight his people. He died trying to capture the fort at Black Point or Scarborough, which held out successfully for three days and nights under the incessant attack of the redskins.

BARON CASTINE, LORD OF 'BIGUYDUCE

"Baron Castine of Saint Castin
Has left his chateau in the Pyrenees
And sailed across the western seas."

Longfellow

Arcadia had rather a checkered career, being tossed back and forth by England and France several times and thus it happened that in 1670 England once more, with but little thought of the effect it would have on her New England settlements, deeded Arcadia back to the French, and once again the lilies of France were raised over Pentagoet or 'Biguyduce, "that stronghold of Arcadia" when the new French governor Fontaine arrived. On the governor's staff was a young French officer named Captain de Chambly, Baron de St. Castin, and thus for the first time there appears on the annals of Maine the name of one of its most romantic characters, a Basque nobleman, destined to play an extremely important role in her turbulent history.

This intriguing Frenchman had been born in the velvet, so to speak, for his father was a great aristocrat and owned vast estates in southern France, not far from the Pyrenees. At an early age the boy showed a marked aptitude for the army and soon won a most enviable reputation for himself in the prevailing wars against the Turks. Before long he was in command of a crack French regiment and in due time was ordered to Quebec where he again served with distinction. Then, for some unknown reason, he lost his command, and apparently feeling aggrieved, plunged into a life in the wilderness far from friends and kin.

While serving at Quebec, he had become much interested in Indian life and had won the friendship of the great sachem of the Penobscot, Madockawando. So now being at loose ends, he decided one day to journey home with the sachem to his village on the Penobscot. Here he met the chief's charming daughter and promptly falling in love with her, was a little later married to the dusky princess in a little church which still stands on the reservation at Old Town. Speaking the redmen's language fluently and dressing in their garb, he soon came to be idolized by the entire tribe and when at the head of a force of native warriors, he offered his services to the new French governor, the latter at once placed him in charge of Fort Pentagoet which commanded the trading post at 'Biguyduce.

He now built himself a large and comfortable chateau which he filled to overflowing with all manner of goods such as guns, traps, ammunition and other things that his friends, the redmen, longed for so much. He taught them the use of firearms and even drilled them in some of the fundamentals of military tactics which he understood so well, thus giving them a great advantage over their enemies.

Always playing fair with his savage friends, the Baron soon built up a very successful fur business and rapidly amassed a large fortune but as he was already wealthy in his own right, he cared little for money and used it but to buy presents for his Indian friends. In short, he became one of the first of Maine's long line of successful and prosperous citizens. All he asked of the world he had renounced was to be left alone in peace to enjoy this new Eden he had discovered, but even this little was not to be granted.

THE DUTCH CAPTURE 'BIGUYDUCE

For unfortunately the great wealth he had accumulated and the power he had come to have over his Indians, who now worshipped him, soon attracted the attention of the English. Then one day a strange vessel, the Flying Horse manned by Dutch, put into the harbor and when Castine refused to surrender, bombarded and took the fort. However, Castine and his Indians, now turning to



Beautiful Lake Kezar with White Mountains of New Hampshire in the Distance

guerrilla warfare, soon were able to discourage them and they sailed away. While they had held sway, however, some of the more timid French settlers had thought it advisable to swear allegiance to their new masters. These poor wretches were now driven out of the town and forced to erect new cabins on the outskirts of the settlement. A new and much stronger fort was built; but there was to be no peace because Andros, governor of all New England, fearing the Dutch would come back and take the place for good the next time, decided to forestall them. So setting sail from Boston in a well-armed frigate he soon was anchored right in front of the Baron's new fort.

Word was politely sent to Castine asking him to come on board and discuss matters with the governor, but the shrewd Frenchman was too smart to be caught in such a trap and, instead, fled back up the river to his father-in-law, Madockawando's village at what is now Oldtown, thus leaving the fort and chateau to the mercy of the English. Finding the fox had fled, Governor Andros had to be satisfied with pillaging the place, which he did pretty thoroughly, taking all the Baron's fine imported furniture and plate as well as a wealth of furs and supplies. On the way home, the governor was considerate enough to send word back from Pemaquid by a Tarrantine chief that if Castine would swear allegiance to King James of England, every article would be returned to him. Mad clear through at this uncalled for act of piracy and having not the slightest intention of bowing before either Andros or his king, Castine now deserted the paths of peace and used all his influence to make the Tarrantines and Penobscots declare war against the defenceless English settlements; a step which these friendly tribes would probably never have taken but for the vandalism of Andros.

Another red inferno soon broke loose over Maine for, striking swiftly and silently, appearing where least expected and then vanishing as quickly as they had come, Castine and his Penobscots along with their Indian allies and the French soon struck terror into the stoutest hearts. Before long pillars of smoke continually ascending from burning settlements and long files of women and children painfully plodding their weary way through the deep snows northward to faraway Quebec became com-

monplace throughout all Maine. Newcastle was turned into a blackened desolation and the settlements along the Sheepscot River were all destroyed.

WALDRON GETS HIS "COME-UPPANCE"

Then one beautiful June evening in 1689 two squaws stopped at Coheco and asked if they might pass the night in the little settlement. "Indians are coming to trade tomorrow," they said and the big Major was pleased because he always saw to it that he got the best of his deals with the redmen.

There were five houses in the town at the time, all strongly fortified and surrounded by a well built stockade. Relations with the Indians had been pleasant, so the habit had grown up of permitting them to sleep in the cabins before an open fire if they wished. Hence, the two squaws were welcomed and shown how to unlatch the heavy fastenings in case they needed to go out in the night. The big trader was now eighty years of age, white haired and well wrinkled, but a powerful man for all of his great age.

He had no fear of any Indian that walked and soon fell into a sound sleep and gradually all the lights of the settlement were extinguished. When all was quiet, the two squaws stole silently out and unlatched the big gate of the stockade and soon dusky forms were gliding noiselessly through the town. Suddenly terrible warwhoops broke in on the stillness of that peaceful evening and crimson carnage followed.

Half a dozen redskins enter the room where the old man is sleeping but, quickly awaking, he seizes his sword and singlehanded drives them back through two or three rooms. When he turns to reach for a gun, however, he is knocked down by a blow from the flat of a tomahawk and now at last comes the redmen's hour of triumph. He who has been their judge and ruler is now at their mercy. They set him in an armchair and lift him onto a table. This chair is to be his throne.

But first of all they order the trembling family to get them their supper, and after eating their fill, they turn to their bloody work. Dancing round the



Fort William Henry, Pemaquid Beach

table they one by one slash the major across his bare chest with their keen knives, crying out as they do so, "So I cross out my account." Next they ask for some scales and striking off one of his huge fists, they weigh it to see if it balances a pound as he has always stoutly maintained. Then they cut off his ears and nose and stuff them into his mouth; but the old man's strength was by now fast ebbing from the loss of so much blood. As he topples from his chair, one of the redskins holds the trader's own sword beneath him that he may be run through with his own weapon when he falls. Thus did the Indians square up with Major Waldron.

THE RAPE OF FALMOUTH

The following May, nearly a year later, the waters of Casco Bay were suddenly darkened by a huge flotilla of war canoes when a strong force of French and Indians came down from the north to attack Falmouth, on the site of the present city of Portland. Castine and Madockawando were in the lead and Castine's trained Indians soon proved to be a very formidable foe.

Before long, settlers on the outskirts of the town noticed their cattle running to and fro in the pasture, tossing their heads in fright. This was warning enough for, living through as many Indian raids as they had, it had become a fact that the dogs and even the cattle had reached a state of mind where they could smell a "varmint" a mile away, and they hated them as the Devil is supposed to hate Holy Water. Small wonder at this, because the Indians had the pleasant habit of cutting out the tongues of the livestock and then letting them run and even, on occasion, of scalping them when they found the supply of human hair getting a little scarce. So, whenever the settlers saw their cattle come galloping towards the building with their tails straight up in the air, they knew they were in for it, and in turn they raced for the nearest cabin and bolted the heavy door, making ready for a siege. Their dogs grew slim and lean and their long ears stretched out from the many years of intent listening for the stealthy tread of moccasined feet.

Thus it was that the settlers got warning that day and were able to fall back into Falmouth. They

were soon driven from there, however, into Fort Loyal, Falmouth's little citadel of defence. Here for a time, the invaders were held at bay by the cannon, but it was not long before Castine's trained warriors found a gully up which they were able to crawl untouched by the big guns. From the vantage point thus gained they now commenced to mine under the walls of the fort itself and finally, when the English commandant had been mortally wounded, the discouraged garrison asked the French for terms of surrender. Upon being assured that they would be permitted to march to the nearest English settlement under guard and in safety, and when Baron Castine, with his right arm upraised, had sworn by the everlasting God that such terms would be honored, the fort capitulated. No sooner done than tomahawks were crashing through the skulls of men and women alike and children were being brained against the nearest trees. A few were spared and taken to Quebec as captives.

When remonstrated with, the French officer in charge merely replied with a shrug. Frontenac, that great governor of Canada, however, severely blamed Burneffe for this act of perfidy; but there can be but little doubt but that much of the odium should be placed on Baron Castine's shoulders, because it was a well known fact that by this time, having lived so long with his Indians, he was even more savage than they at times.

MORE TALES OF BARON CASTINE'S WAR

This terrible war, known by many as the Second Indian War, dragged on for twelve long years and made a blackened desert out of the once fruitful Maine paradise. York was attacked one day in midwinter by a force of 300 Indians led by the French and in a short time over 160 of the inhabitants were lying scalped and bleeding on the snow or had been taken captive over the long cold trail to Canada. The remainder of the settlers managed to reach four strongly fortified houses where they held the savages at bay till they became discouraged and left. You must be sure and visit the old garrison house at York which stands there to this day in mute testimony of the stirring events of those far off days.

Wells, which only had a garrison of thirty soldiers at the time, was besieged by a force of 500 French

and Indians fresh from their victory at Fort Loyal. They soon learned how small a force was holding the fort from a prisoner and, so sure were they of capturing it that they then and there proceeded to divide the prisoners up. A fierce fusillade was kept up against the besieged forces from behind a rude breast work of timber and hay and the sloops in the harbor were set on fire many times but always put out by their crew with wet mops on long poles.

The Indians then built a shotproof shelter on wheels which they rolled slowly forward over the uneven ground. Just as they were getting dangerously close to the fort, one of the huge wheels mired in the soft ground and a Frenchman put his shoulders to it to try to lift it ahead but was shot down, as were several others who also tried unsuccessfully. So this mode of attack had to be abandoned. The assault was continued, however, with reckless abandon and finally one of the soldiers in the little fort suggested surrender. "Utter that word again," said Converse, the commander, "and you are a dead man." "All lie close and fire not a gun till it will do execution."

The Indians now constructed a fireraft which they set adrift so that it bore down on the vessels in front of the fort and for a time it seemed as if their destruction was inevitable and with them that of the fort; but at the last moment kindly Providence sent a breeze which swept the raft to the opposite shore. A demand for surrender was now sent to the sorely pressed garrison but the gallant Converse replied, "I want nothing but men to fight." The redskins then offered the unique suggestion that Converse come out into the open with his little force and "fight in the field like a man and not sulk in the garrison like a squaw." Naturally he refused to face 500 French and Indians with a little force of 30 men. Finally, Indian fashion, becoming tired of the long drawn out contest, the enemy withdrew. They had succeeded in capturing one man and in killing another. They now vented their spite on the poor captive by torturing him with the utmost ingenuity, slitting his hands between his fingers and his feet between his toes and then slashing him all over with their keen knives. These wounds they then filled with dry pine splinters which they set on fire thus making a living torch of the doomed man. Finally they scalped him and when he still lived on, they left him thus to die by inches.

PAYMENT FOR THE PAN OF HOT SUDS

Another pretty incident of those terrible times was that of a man and his boy who were surprised one day while at work in the hay field. When they fled, the father was quickly overtaken and scalped, but the quick-witted boy succeeded in secreting himself in a nearby brook by hiding in the rushes with just the tip of his nose left above the water so that he might breathe. When the savages reached the farmer's house, however, they at once scalped four of the children and then one of the redskins, snatching the baby from its cradle, dashed its brains out against the fireplace before the very eyes of the agonized mother, after which he tossed the infant's body into a kettle of boiling water which happened to be on the stove, remarking as he did so, "Hot water good for Indian dog, good for papoose, too." This fiendish act was in retaliation for the good woman's having thrown a pan of hot suds at him a year or so before, when she caught him loitering around her kitchen door. Truly the redmen had good memories. After pointing out to her the scalp of her husband which was hanging from his belt, the distracted woman

was forced to take up the long march to Canada where she was later sold into slavery.

THE SURRENDER OF PEMAQUID

Finally in 1696 the French appeared before the powerful fort that Sir William Phipps had built at Pemaquid. Three war vessels of French and 250 canoes of Indians lined up in front of the fort and demanded its surrender. This fortress had been very strongly built of stone; it mounted fifteen heavy guns and contained a garrison of 95 men who were amply supplied with ammunition and provisions. So Captain Chubb, the commander, grandiloquently replied to the French, "I shall not give up the fort though the sea be covered with French vessels and the land with wild Indians."

That night, however, the enemy landed some cannon and took up a position from which they were able to throw bombshells into the fort the next day. Whether bombshells were something new in Chubb's experience or what is not known but, a little later when Baron Castine demanded the surrender of the fort, he had forgotten all about his boasting of the previous day and asked for terms of surrender. When he himself was promised a safe passage to Boston, he gave the fort up without further parley. He was later tried for cowardice and stripped of his commission. When Castine's Indians took possession of the fort they found an emaciated Indian in one of the dungeons who had been starved and tortured. This so enraged the natives that they vented their wrath on the inhabitants of the town who had not been included in the terms of the surrender and scalped or tortured most of them.

SINBAD THE SAILOR

Shortly after the massacre at Fort Loyal the French left Maine and withdrew to Canada for a time, thus giving the hard pressed settlements a temporary breathing spell. This was all because William Phipps, an exceedingly able son of Maine, "took the coals to Newcastle," as you might say, and gave them about all they wanted to attend to at home. His life story, like that of Captain John Smith, reads like the most exciting novel.

Born in 1650 at Woolwich on the Sheepscot River, he was the tenth son in a family of 25. Put early to work, he tended sheep till he was 18 when he was apprenticed for four years in a shipbuilding yard on Arrowsic Island; the same yard that was burned a few years later when the garrison house at Arrowsic was captured as previously narrated. Young as he was, the lad had great faith in his future and after working hard all day as a shipbuilder, educated himself by candle light in his room at night.

A few years later he started a shipyard of his own on the Kennebec and built a vessel for some Boston merchants, but just as he was about to deliver it to them, the Indians attacked the Sheepscot settlements. At great personal loss to himself, he abandoned a load of lumber he owned and intended taking to Boston on the new boat and, instead, filled his vessel with fleeing settlers, carrying them to safety in Massachusetts free of charge.

The loss of his lumber, however, was a severe blow and for a time he had rather hard sledding, but he was optimistic, and even when his wife despaired of their future, he assured her that he would "yet command a King's ship and buy her a fair brick house in a green lane in North Boston."

Herculean in build and a natural born leader of

men, it was not long before he secured a commission on a privateer and was soon scouring the high seas in search of prizes of war. In this way he amassed a small fortune in a comparatively short time and in the course of his adventures, learned the location of a Spanish treasure ship that had been sunk near the Bahama Islands. Setting out in a vessel of his own, he finally located the wreck and recovered the treasure, but its value proved not to be great so that it hardly paid for the trip. Before leaving the West Indies, however, an old ship captain told him of a royal Spanish plate ship that had been sunk half a century before near the Porta de la Plata, heavily laden with silver and gold.

Realizing this new venture was beyond his modest resources, he took passage to England and actually succeeded in interesting no less a personage than the King in his venture, so that the British frigate *Algier Rose*, carrying 95 men and 18 guns, was outfitted for treasure hunting and turned over to his command; thus fulfilling that part of the promise he had made his wife about commanding a King's Ship. After reaching the Spanish main, however, there came a long and tedious hunt for the location of the sunken vessel. The crew grew restless and decided there was easier money to be had by turning to piracy and preying on the Spanish settlements. Accordingly, with drawn sword in hand they demanded that Phipps join them in their rash venture. The hero of this tale hesitated not a moment but rushing at them barehanded, soon succeeded in quelling the mutiny with his fists.

Before long, however, while the ship lay at anchor near an uninhabited island, a plot was hatched to seize the vessel and maroon the captain along with a few loyal members of the crew. This scheme was discovered by the ship's carpenter just in the nick of time and when the crew returned from their work on the island that night, they found cannon trained on them. After informing the conspirators that he knew all about their plans, Phipps told them he intended leaving them where they were to die of starvation. Upon this a decided change came over the spirit of the mutineers and after much pleading, Phipps finally agreed to give them one more chance; but this time he sailed to the nearest port and changed crews.

As much time had passed and his vessel now sadly needed overhauling, he regretfully sailed back to England; but this time the King refused to let his frigate go again, claiming he needed it at home. The persuasive Phipps, however, soon induced the Duke of Albemarle and some of his friends to back the venture and before long he was back at Porta de la Plata in Hispaniola. Row boats were now made use of and the surrounding shoals and reefs were painstakingly searched for any signs of the long sunken wreck. It was a long and tedious task, but one day a bit of seaweed was observed growing deep down beneath the waves in an unlikely place for such a growth, and a diver was sent down to investigate. When he came up he breathlessly told of seeing huge shell-encrusted guns covered with sea weed, and better still, he brought up a rough piece of rock which when cleaned, proved to be a bar of ancient silver covered with marine deposit.

THE TREASURE HE FOUND

Marking the location with a buoy, the excited searchers hastened to inform Phipps and before long all hands were busy gathering in a harvest of

gold and silver of which there seemed to be no end. Thirty-four tons of silver were reclaimed besides immense quantities of gold and vast stores of jewels and pearls. The work was kept up till all the provisions on the ship had been exhausted and the treasure hunters were on the very verge of starvation and then they had to regretfully quit; yet on the last day they were still bringing up bullion as freely as at the beginning, so nobody actually knows how much wealth really lay there beneath the waves.

Upon reaching England, the treasure proved to be worth over \$1,500,000 of which Phipps's share came to about \$80,000, a very large sum of money for those days. Then too, the Duke of Albemarle sent Mrs. Phipps a golden cup as a token of his esteem and this was worth \$5000 more. The King was so delighted that he knighted the successful treasure hunter and from then on he became known as Sir William Phipps, the first native born American to receive such an honor.

Sir William was now urged to stay on in England and as an inducement, he was offered a very lucrative post by the King, but he longed for his native New England and soon was back in Boston. One of the first things he did upon his return was to give a great banquet to all the ship carpenters of Boston where he proved to be as democratic as ever; his good fortune not having spoiled him in the least. He next built a handsome brick house on Green Lane in North Boston for his wife, thus completing the promise he had made to her years before.

Realizing at last that the settlements could never hope for peace as long as the French occupied Arcadia and from there could stir up the Indians, an expedition to capture this hornet's nest was now planned and everybody turned to Sir William to head it. He was made a commodore and given a fleet of nine warships and, believe it or not, within a month's time he was back with his ships loaded down with prisoners and spoil, having taken the great French stronghold of Port Royal which he renamed Annapolis in honor of good Queen Ann, a name it retains to this day.

LOVEWELL'S WAR

The loss of Arcadia did not long stop the French from inciting the Indians, however, as they soon were sending their emissaries down from the St. Lawrence and the turmoil all along the frontier continued. The settlers certainly must have been a hardy and optimistic lot because there was always a fresh wave of them ready to try once more to build up the smoking and desolated frontier whenever a lull took place in the fighting. Many important Indian tribes, however, became decimated during this incessant strife and their remnants sought sanctuary with other tribes in the interior.

The Sokosis who dwelt along the Saco and whose stockaded town, Pegwagget, lay near the shores of Lovewell's Pond in the present town of Fryeburg, had at the coming of the whites, been a very powerful clan occupying land clear to the sea. But they had been gradually pushed back till they occupied only the valley of the Saco and its head waters and to them had fled many of King Philip's scattered Pequots and other renegade Indians. Nursing an undying hatred towards the whites, these fugitives soon kindled the wrath of the Sokosis to white heat so that in time their very name struck terror in the hearts of the settlers. As they became bolder and bolder with success, their raids extended even into Massachusetts.



Outboard Motor Boats at Square Lake, "the Fisherman's Paradise"

Finally in desperation, the Bay Colony resorted to what seems today to have been the inhuman policy of offering a flat bounty of \$500 for every Indian scalp taken, man, woman or child. This was quite a fortune in those days and so seemed, no doubt, to Captain John Lovewell, a noted Indian fighter. Setting out one day with 40 men, he surprised ten sleeping Indians at Wakefield, N. H., who were on their way from Canada to raid the settlements. Returning in triumph with their scalps, he and his men collected the sum of \$5000 as a reward. This easy money only served to whet the appetite of the party, so the following spring he decided to beard the lion in its den and attack the redmen at their headquarters at Pegwagget. Arriving on the shores of Ossipee Lake, 22 miles southwest of Fryeburg, Lovewell took the precaution of building a stockade as a refuge to retreat to in case of disaster, and here he left his surgeon to look after a few of the men who had become incapacitated.

Pressing on with 34 men, he made Lovewell's Pond that night. Here his party lay encamped for a couple of days not far from Pegwagget, hardly knowing how to proceed next. Finally they marched to the north of the pond, thinking to engage the enemy there. After carefully hiding their packs in some pines, they advanced very cautiously until they sighted a solitary Indian standing on a point of land that ran out into the pond some little distance from them. It is now believed that the Indians, learning of their presence, had posted this lone warrior to draw them on into an ambush. After crossing a small stream since known as "Battle Brook," they fired on the returning Indian and eventually killed him, but not before he had badly wounded Captain Lovewell and one of his men.

While this had been going on, the main body of Indians under the great war chief Paugus, had tracked the whites to their pile of hidden packs. Upon counting these and shrewdly figuring his men far outnumbered the whites, Paugus decided to fight and formed an ambuscade. It was now about ten o'clock in the morning and when Lovewell's men turned back to their packs, the savages rose at their front and rear rushing at them and yelling like demons. The captain himself was mor-

tally wounded at the very first volley and when last seen, was standing with a gun in his hands leaning against a tree, too far gone to speak. With desperate valor, his rangers now charged right up to the very muzzles of the hostiles' guns, only to lose eight more men in addition to the captain.

There were now but 23 men left. Their situation was desperate, as their packs and provisions were gone and they were facing the entire Sokosis tribe, fifty miles from the nearest settlement. Seeing that the Indians were rapidly closing in on their flanks, Ensign Wyman, who now took charge, gradually withdrew his little force till Battle Brook was on his right and a ridge of rocks jutting out into the lake on his left, while the pond protected the rear. Here a desperate battle took place from behind the trunks of tall pines; the Indians howling and yelping like wolves, barking like dogs and making all manner of hideous noises, while the rangers huzzahed in return.

THE DEATH OF PAUGUS

After the battle had gone on for some time some of their guns became foul from so much firing and one of the rangers stepped down to the pond to cleanse his. Upon emerging on shore, he found an Indian across the brook doing the same thing. This Indian was the dreaded Paugus. Watching each other closely with bated breath they hastily dried their guns and commenced loading at the same moment, the balls in each barrel being sent home by their ramrods at the same instant. "Me kill 'um," cried Paugus hastily priming his gun from his powder horn. "The great chief lies," retorted the ranger, striking the breach of his gun sharply on the beach, whereupon being badly worn, it primed itself. A moment later the great Paugus lay dead shot through the heart while the bullet from his gun whistled harmlessly through the air.

The battle continued till dark, when the enemy seemingly withdrew, but the rangers fearing a ruse, stood guard till midnight, although without food since early morning. Then, painful as the parting was, they placed guns in the hands of their wounded so that they might sell their lives dearly



"When the Frost is on the Pumpkin" (White Mountains in the Distance)

as possible on the morrow and struck off in three parties, that too large a trail might not be left behind them. So weary and confused were they that it took them four days to reach their refuge on Ossipee Lake and when they finally arrived there, it was to find the post deserted. It seems that one of the embattled rangers had shown the white feather and, deserting at the commencement of the fight, had fled to the fort where he told such a fearful tale that all hands struck out for home. Fortunately the Indians were about as demoralized as the whites, so after incredible hardships the survivors of Lovewell's fight eventually reached the settlements.

The Sokosis upon losing their renowned leader Paugus, became disheartened and the scattered remnants of this once powerful people withdrew to St. Francis, that Indian stronghold on the St. Lawrence, thus ending the scourge of the dread Sokosis.

Following are a few stanzas from a lengthy ballad written at the time to celebrate the battle.

THE BALLAD OF LOVEWELL'S VICTORY

"Fight on, fight on," brave Lovewell said;
 "Fight on while Heaven shall give you breath!"
 An Indian ball then pierced him through,
 And Lovewell closed his eyes in death.

'Twas Paugus led the Pequ'att tribe;
 As runs the fox would Paugus run,
 As howls the wolf would Paugus howl,
 A large bearskin had Paugus on.

Ah! many a wife shall rend her hair,
 And many a child cry, "Woe is me,"
 When messengers the news shall bear
 Of Lovewell's dear-bought victory.

MASSACRE AND ROMANCE

In 1756 there was a scattered settlement on the ocean front not far from Freeport and at Flying Point the settlers had erected a strong blockhouse. News reached the little settlement one day that the Micmacs were on the warpath and fast approaching, so everybody gathered up their few valuables and fled to the blockhouse; that is

everybody except Thomas Means and his family who occupied a cabin only a few hundred yards from the stronghold. Feeling secure from his proximity to the fort and confident the Indians would not attack till the next day, Means delayed moving till morning. With him were his wife and two children and Molly, a sister of Mrs. Means.

While the redskins as a rule seldom attacked at night, this proved to be one occasion when they did and when they arrived at Means' cabin they found him and his family all abed. Promptly scalping him, his wife and one child, they took the other girl and Molly captive. As the night was very dark, the hostiles had considerable difficulty finding the trail back and during the excitement, Means' young daughter managed to escape and reach the blockhouse. Molly, however, being securely bound, was unable to get away and eventually was taken over the long, long trail to Canada. Here she was sold to a French family living in Quebec for a servant and her friends in Maine gave her up for lost.

That is all but Molly's lover, Captain McClellan, an able Yankee skipper who refused to mourn her for dead, but on the contrary, determined to follow her and take her from her French captors, whether or no. It was a desperate undertaking because at that time Quebec was the citadel of French power in America and the strongest English fleet could not have effected her rescue as the French were considered impregnable in their defences along the St. Lawrence. The captain, however, determined to try by strategy a rescue England could not accomplish with all her might.

To that end, he put in a small cargo of trade goods in his little schooner and sailed right up the St. Lawrence and dropping anchor before Quebec, soon gained admittance to the town by acting the part of a friendly trader who presumably had sailed from a neutral port. The ruse worked, reckless as it was, and after a while he got track of Molly by hobnobbing in some of the local taverns and grogeries where the servants of the town gathered.

So, one day, there came a loud rap on the front door of the house Molly was staying at and her



Old Lighthouse at Pemaquid (Built in 1827)

surprise may be imagined when upon opening it, broom in hand, she saw her lover waiting outside with a finger on his lips. Molly was quickwitted, however, and never by word or act did she show that she knew the stranger in any way, and when he merely asked to be directed on his way, she very coolly pointed down the street. As he turned to go, however, he managed to slip a note in her fingers in which he told her he would be back in a couple of hours for an answer as to when she would be ready to flee with him.

All went well for when he returned, Molly quickly passed a slip of paper to him on which were the words "tonight at midnight." Promptly as the chimes of the nearby church were heralding in the beginning of a new day, the captain appeared under Molly's window with a rope ladder in his hands which soon served as a means of exit for the fair damsel. Fortunately, the night was dark and rather foggy and the two stole quietly down the narrow, deserted streets of the old town to the waterfront, where the captain's boat was waiting shrouded in darkness and mist from the eyes of the night watch. Soon they reached the little schooner in safety, whereupon the anchor was quietly raised and they soon drifted out into the middle of the mighty St. Lawrence. Here the swift current of that great waterway soon wafted them down stream so that when the rising sun illuminated the eastern sky a few hours later it was to see the Yankee skipper and his rescued sweetheart speeding on with all sails set, for home and freedom. It is pleasant to relate that Molly and her captain reached Maine safely where they were married and lived happily ever after and that Molly many years later made the eyes of her grandchildren stand out when she told them harrowing tales of her adventures on the St. Lawrence.

FATHER RASLE AND THE DESTRUCTION OF NORRIDGEWOCK

Far up the Kennebec, the Abenakis had one of their most important villages at Norridgewock. Here came Father Rasle, the French Jesuit, and here he built a little chapel on whose walls he himself painted pictures showing the bliss of the redeemed and the torments of the damned. He considered the redmen his children and for 25 years

labored unremittingly amongst them so that in the end most of them laid aside their pagan beliefs and became members of his flock. On Sundays, dusky converts thronged his church and a choir of 40 Indian boys in white surplices chanted his Sunday services.

Those were cruel times, however. Feelings ran high on both sides and each considered the other as anathema. The redmen certainly had their grievances as witness this pithy denunciation voiced by them—

Indians and white men have one Great Father. He has given every tribe of us a goodly river which yields fine salmon and other fish. Here from ancient times our people have hunted the bear, moose and beaver. It is our country where our fathers died; where ourselves and our children were born; we cannot leave it! The Indian has rights and loves good as well as the Englishman—yes, we have a sense too of what is kind and great. When you first came here from over the waters of the morning, we took you into our arms. We thought you were children of the sun and we fed you our best meat. Never went a white man cold or starving from the cabin of an Indian. But you have returned us evil for good. You put the burning cup to our lips; it filled our veins with poison; it wasted the pride of our strength. Aye, and when the drunken fit was on you took advantage of us. You made our beaver cheap and paid us in watered rum and trifles.

You asked leave of our fathers to live in the land as brothers. It was freely granted. We are now told our country spreading far away from the sea, is passing away to you forever—perhaps for nothing—because of the names and seals of our sagamores. They never turned their children from their homes to suffer. Why should we flee before our destroyer's? We fear them not. Sooner, far, will we sing the war song and again light the council fires. So shall the great spirits of our sires own their sons."

On the other hand, it is hard to blame the English very much for believing that the only good Indian was a dead one, after witnessing all the horrors of an attack on an unprotected settlement and seeing



The Lovely Kennebec at Norridgewock

their wives and children being led away through the deep snow to far-away Canada, there to be sold as slaves. In any event, the settlements came to believe the good Father to be the very Imp himself, impersonated, and to feel that peace would never descend on the harried frontier till that "hornet's nest" at Norridgewock had been wiped out.

Accordingly, several attempts were made to that end, but though the town was repeatedly destroyed, Father Rasle and his converts always managed to escape to the woods and after the departure of their enemy, to rebuild the settlement. The third expedition against the town found the elusive priest gone as usual, but the English this time found a letter from the governor of Canada, concealed in a secret drawer of the Father's chest in which were orders to "push on the Indians with all imaginable zeal against the English." This confirmed the worst suspicions of the English and from that time on everybody clamored for the doom of Norridgewock even as Cato, that grim Roman of old, cried out for that of Carthage.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE CANIBAS

In 1722 the Fourth Indian war opened and the Maine settlements made ready once more for their bath of blood. Finally after two years of incessant strife, 17 whaleboats manned by 200 men toiled up the Kennebec under Captain Harmon against Norridgewock. This time the rangers succeeded in entering the doomed village without the redmen even suspecting an attack. Just as they had reached the very entrances of their cabins, an Indian glanced out of one and uttered a piercing cry whereupon out sprang dusky warriors from every side only to be met by a withering fire from the English. Those who survived, fled for safety into the waters of the nearby Kennebec where many more were slaughtered. Abomazeen, that great chieftain of the Canibas, was peacefully passing the time away that quiet summer evening by fishing on the river bank with his family at his side. He and his daughter leaped into the stream, whose waters were soon crimsoned by their life blood as rifles cracked out from above. His Queen, however, was taken a struggling prisoner by the Mohawk scouts of the party.

Father Rasle had been enjoying a twilight nap in his cabin at the time, but upon being thus so rudely awakened, reached for his gun and tried to hold the attention of the English till his flock should have an opportunity to escape, but he was soon shot through the head by a half-breed. That night the English slept in the vacant cabins at Norridgewock, while the grief-stricken natives mourned the good Father and their dead from the depths of the great forest. The next day as the English were marching away, one of the Mohawk scouts ran back and fired the settlement for the last time; for the mighty Canibas were no more. Five of their sagamores had been killed and most of their ablest warriors were gone and, worst of all, their guiding spirit, Father Rasle, slept the sleep of death. The remnant of this once proud people lingered on for a brief period and then migrated to that Indian haven on the St. Lawrence, St. Francis, where with other refugees from various parts of New England, they continued to swoop down on the long-suffering New England frontier till Major Rogers and his Rangers destroyed the town, near the end of the last French and Indian War.

With the fall of Quebec and St. Francis, the end of the long trail was now in English hands and the Dawn men were between two fires, the settlements to the south and English controlled Canada to the north. Nothing was left for them to do but bow their heads and slowly disappear, even as their beloved pines, "The Great Long Grown Trees," whose branches seemed to sweep to the very stars, were now rapidly falling before the advancing axe.

Abomazeen rested peacefully in fair Norridgewock near the beautiful Kennebec he loved so well, but his Queen grew old and feeble and finally went blind and then one Christmas was forced to appeal to the hated English for her very sustenance, as is written in the early records of Fort Richmond. Thus passed a proud and lordly people whose chief failing, if failing it may be called, was fighting for the home and country that had been handed down to them by their forefathers.

THE LEGEND OF THE KENNEBEC

When the wigwams of the red men were many and thickly dotted the verdure clad banks of the



A Typical Wiscasset Mansion

Kennebec, there dwelt the fair Noneta, an Indian maid so comely and beauteous that every young chieftain far up and down that noble stream coveted her to grace his wigwam. But she had pledged her troth to a handsome young warrior of her own village who had saved her life from dire peril in an hour of need. From that day on for him alone did the warm blush of the wild rose mount in her dusky cheeks and for him alone was there a world of tenderness in her eyes.

One afternoon in midsummer Noneta was idly paddling down the silvery reaches of the upper Kennebec. A short way below could be heard the hoarse roaring of the great Ticonic Falls, where in those days a mighty stream of water leaped perpendicularly over ledges into a vast churning caldron of madcap waters far below, and then continued on and on till finally in the far distance it cast itself into the sea. Expectantly this day the dusky beauty watched the shore, for had not her lover made a rendezvous with her at this very place and hour. Suddenly the welcome call was heard, the notes of a whip-poor-will, and she headed her birchen craft quickly into the shallower water only to be suddenly confronted by an old admirer of hers, one whose insistent suit she had disdainfully turned down but the day before. With a look of evil triumph on his dark face, he leaped in beside her and seizing the paddle from her hands made for the center of the stream. A moment later a flash of silver cleft the air and a keen pointed arrow buried itself in the shoulders of the cowardly abductor just as he was bending forward to clasp the shrinking maid in his arms. With a cry of anguish the mortally wounded warrior leaped from the canoe paddle in hand, but ere he sank he managed to give the little craft a vicious shove down stream so that all too soon it was speeding with its helpless passenger into the eddying rapids that hurried everything before them into the Maelstrom which swirled beneath.

Realizing full well the dreadful fate that now beset his fair Noneta, the despairing lover fairly flew along the shore to the falls where he helplessly watched her and the frail canoe shooting swiftly by on the top of a vast green wall of water. Then with upraised arms and a death chant on his lips he flung himself into the tumultuous waters that raged below.

But haply that day in the dashing spray were myriads of shadowy forms, those of mighty warriors from the past, who long ago had gone to the fair woodlands and pleasant meadows of Ponemah. Gently they caught the devoted lover and placed him safely on his feet in a little cavern that had been hollowed out beneath the roaring green avalanche and in his arms they tenderly placed the unconscious form of the lovely Noneta. Thankfully the young lover bore his betrothed through the mists and blinding spray to a place of safety and rendered up his thanks to mighty Manitou for giving him back his beloved as she slowly returned to consciousness.

BELLAMY, THAT PRINCE OF PIRATES

After failing in their efforts to recover their trading post at 'Biguyduce, the Pilgrims moved yet further into French territory and courageously established a post on the Machias River. They were not permitted to remain long here either, for the French once more drove them out, killing two of their men and confiscating all their goods. This region then lapsed again into a wilderness and was in this primeval state when sighted by that infamous pirate, Captain Bellamy who forthwith decided it was just the place for him to use as a hide-out for his bunch of cutthroats while he careened his vessels.

Bellamy started his career as a wrecker in the West Indies but when a lull occurred in the foundering of vessels on the coral strands that bestrew those tropic seas, he and his mate decided to turn to piracy; that quicker if perhaps not surer road to wealth. Their first prize was a large English craft, the Whidaw, and she proved to be loaded to the very gunwales with all manner of silks and satins, ivory and gold and in fact about everything that would warm the cockles of a pirate's heart; the total value of her cargo running into the millions. In addition she carried 28 guns and was just the vessel they needed for further adventures on the bounding main.

After such a lucky break as this, it is hardly to be expected that Bellamy could be induced to take to any other profession and before long he became known far and wide as a veritable scourge of the



The Old Covered Bridge at Porter

seas. Finally one day after a particularly successful cruise in southern waters, he headed north and when off the Virginia capes, ran into a storm that soon tamed even the savage spirits of his crew, who after several days of incessant hammering, became panicky believing the continuous roll of thunder to be a warning sent from heaven that their end was near.

Bellamy himself, however, who seems to have been a pirate after one's own heart, simply laughed at all this and only asked that the turbulent waves cease long enough so that he could unleash his big guns and properly answer the salvos of the Gods who he said "were drunk over their tipples."

Nearly a week of this stormy weather left the Whidaw a battered wreck, wallowing in the trough of the sea, without masts and rigging and on the verge of sinking. When Bellamy took his reckoning he found he had been blown clear up the Atlantic coast and was now not far from Block Island. Repairing his damaged ship as best he could, he continued his cruise and soon captured a Boston schooner commanded by a Captain Beer.

Encouraged perhaps by this worthy's name, Bellamy now used his utmost persuasion to convert Beer and his crew to his philosophy of life which seems to have been that, as the rich preyed on the poor, he was but balancing accounts when he in turn preyed on the rich. In short, he was a sort of Robin Hood and modern Red rolled into one. When Captain Beer and his men stoutly refused to have anything to do with Bellamy's nefarious schemes he set them ashore with the parting injunction—"But damn ye altogether for a pack of sneaking rascals and ye who serve him for a crew of hen-hearted numbskulls."

However, he soon fell in with another ship loaded with wine and this time he was more successful as most of the crew turned to piracy for a living. As his little fleet now needed overhauling badly, he looked about for a safe haven in the wilderness where he could hide and lick his wounds, so to speak. As he was by now off the coast of Maine he soon ran into the mouth of a wide inlet which turned out to be the mouth of a river. This river—the Machias—proved to be as void of inhabitants as

the day Bartholomew Gosnold first explored the Maine coast.

Two miles up this stream Bellamy found just the spot he was looking for and he soon set to work to build a strong fort to protect his helpless vessels while they were being overhauled. In the hold of the Whidaw were many prisoners whom he had been collecting for sometime for just such a purpose and these poor wretches were now forced to labor on the defences, being kicked and cuffed and flogged from daylight till dark and forced to subsist on a mere pittance of food. Thus it came about that in almost no time a very substantial settlement grew up on the hillside beside the Machias River guarded by extensive fortifications manned by the huge guns from his fleet.

A NEW WORLD EDEN

Viewing his labors with an approving eye, it was at this time that Bellamy commenced to dream of establishing a pirate's Utopia in this favored spot. He was growing old and might want to settle down before long. If he could but kidnap a few boatloads of women he felt confident he could easily enlist plenty of men from the fishing boats along the coast for his new Eden.

Accordingly when the repairs had been attended to, he set sail again with the express intention of gathering in a good cargo of the fair sex. Before long he sighted a fat merchantman and soon overhauled her but great was his surprise and chagrin to find that instead, his victim was a French warship heavily loaded with troops on their way to Quebec. For once Bellamy met his match and all that afternoon a terrific cannonading took place off the Maine coast and when dusk fell the indomitable Bellamy was only too glad to take to his heels and thus elude the vengeful French cruiser in the gathering darkness.

His next encounter of importance was off the Massachusetts coast where he planned to intercept boats plying between Boston and New York who he figured would be likely to carry many female passengers. The vessel he now sighted was a fine looking craft which he judged should make easy picking. She turned out, however, to be a New



At Ocean Point, Mouth of the Kennebec

Bedford whaler whose captain was as hard-boiled as they make them. Bellamy had no trouble in apparently converting the Captain and the crew to his way of thinking and then he had the ex-whaler go ahead in his vessel and pilot the fleet through the shoal waters that abound along that coast. When offshore from Eastham on Cape Cod, the whaling captain suddenly headed for the beach and grounded on a sandbar. The Whidaw which was following closely, had no time to save herself and Bellamy and his crew all went to their deaths on a nearby rocky ledge. The skipper of the whaler succeeded in reaching shore and turned over seven of the pirates on his ship to the authorities who promptly hung them.

The fort and settlement at Machias soon rotted away, though the earthworks can still be traced in the old town even to this day. Bellamy's vast treasure of gold, silver and jewels has never been found though many legends along the coast try to point out its likely hiding place.

THE PHANTOM SHIP OF MOUNT DESERT

Tales of Captain Kidd's treasure on Mount Desert are many; one being that of a poor fisherman who suddenly rose to affluence and wealth, rumor having it that he stumbled onto a hidden pot of gold somewhere on the east side of Somes Sound opposite Fernald Point. But the most persistent legend is that of a phantom ship that is to be seen only when the mists and vapors, that drift in from that cold northern sea, shroud the rocks and cliffs of Mount Desert with their folds of filmy gray. At such times it is stated that many have seen a low, swift-sailing craft sweeping up the coast toward the rocky shore with masts straining from bellying canvas and white spray dashing up from before its keen cutting prow.

Misty forms of her crew may at such times be discerned standing by her thwarts; while her master, rigid and taut, leans over her rail, anxiously scanning the black depths below. Shapely and slim and graceful as a gull, the little vessel seems fairly to skim the surface of the sea, and always, as she nears the shore and seems about to be swallowed up by the roaring surf and tossed on that sharp-fanged coast, a sepulchral flame flares from her

masthead and then, swerving like a swallow in its flight, she suddenly heads out to sea and soon vanishes in the masses of incoming mist.

We are told that this constantly recurring phantasy is but the ghostly "haunting" of a little schooner that the redoubtable Captain Kidd sent to Mt. Desert, filled with ill gotten loot to be buried in one of the innumerable caves and crannies that abound on that isle. It seems that the fearsome captain had been operating in the West Indies where it was his pleasant custom to hide his rakish craft in some narrow lagoon so that, unobserved by passing ships, he could scan the horizon for the fat prizes he so much desired.

One morning while thus engaged, with barely the nose of his craft peaking out from its hidden lair, the captain's eyes were gladdened by the sight of a large ship emerging from the morning mists not a great distance off shore. At once all hands were piped to their quarters and away sped the pirate after her lumbering prey, which turned out to be a rich West Indiamen filled with Spanish gold and silver. The treasure—sufficient indeed for a king's ransom—was soon transferred to the decks of the corsair, upon which the victims were forced to walk the plank and their ship was duly scuttled.

Kidd and his sea-hornet, now putting back to their hiding place, divided up the gleaming wealth they had just gathered in, and the captain's share of it was loaded onto a little fast flying schooner which was sent far to the north, to the bleak coast of Mt. Desert, where the treasure was to be hidden in a secret cave that served the captain as one of his numerous strong boxes.

In charge of the treasure ship was one of Kidd's trusted lieutenants and with him sailed the latter's mistress, a fair haired beauty who had been captured on one of the prizes. Despite the fact that there was a woman aboard—for all good sailors know that that is an omen of ill luck—the trip was made in record time and in perfect weather. Approaching the Maine coast, however, they ran into a heavy fog which held them in its embrace till well along toward sunset of the following day, when it finally lifted to reveal the rugged shore line of Mount Desert, and to their great consternation



Old Burnham Tavern, Machias (where the Capture of the Margaretta Was Planned)

less than a mile away, a speedy looking corvette.

Then indeed the fat was in the fire, for the British warship seeming to sense something amiss, sent a shot whining across the bow of the little schooner so that the pirates either had to come about and let the British board them—which meant they would hang from their own yardarms—or else dash for the rocky shore ahead, trusting to luck that they could find a channel in one of the tortuous passages that abound in that region and lose themselves in the oncoming dusk.

Choosing the latter alternative, they were soon racing for shore in the teeth of a rapidly rising wind that heralded an approaching storm. Straight for the beetling cliffs and storm-splintered crags of that rugged coast came the little corsair, but the skipper felt that could he but round yon bold headland, safety awaited him. Five minutes more and he would be where no corvette would ever dare follow! But as if in answer to his thoughts, a parting shot from the pursuer suddenly knocked the helmsman from his wheel and spinning down the deck cut the halliard stays, thus bringing the main-sail tumbling down. In vain did the pirate's master try to turn the by now unmanageable craft which was making straight for the boiling surf that shot high up on the jagged cliffs of that forbidding shore.

Suddenly the little schooner seemed lifted skyward as by an invisible hand only to be dropped with a sickening thud upon the dripping ledges of Spouting Horn. Down came the foremast and the roaring of the troubled waters was all about them. On the bloodstained decks of the little vessel knelt a golden haired woman pleading with Almighty God for mercy; mercy for those who had so many times refused it to their victims. Then another grinding crash and the battered timbers were suddenly sucked beneath the raging seas and nought now remained visible to the distant corvette but a wild coastline and madcap breakers. Thus it is that even to this day when conditions are just right, a trim little pirate craft will be seen making all speed for the breakers that encircle Spouting Horn.

THE FIRST NAVAL BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION

Machias was a busy frontier settlement engaged

in fishing and lumbering when the Revolution came on. Its population was small, but it made up for this by its intense patriotism. When news of the battle of Lexington reached the little hamlet a liberty pole, hewed from the tallest tree that could be found in the neighboring forest was erected on the village green to the enthusiastic plaudits of all, young and old.

Came a sunny June morning and the good people of the town were very much pleased to sight two schooners, the Polly and the Unity, coming up the bay. They belonged to a local merchant, Ichabod Jones, and were loaded with much needed supplies. However, the townspeople were puzzled to note that this morning the two returning boats were accompanied by a rakish looking craft which turned out to be the armed British cutter Margaretta. After Ichabod Jones landed it was not long before news spread that the British boat was there to see that lumber was sent back to the British forces in Boston and if the townsfolk would not send the lumber, then they were not to be allowed to have the supplies.

As these goods were very much needed to carry the little community through the season, it is probable that the lumber would have been forthcoming had not the young officer of the Margaretta chanced to spy the tall Liberty Pole and then that "snip of a boy" as some of the Machias people dubbed him, passed out a mandate that the pole must come down or he would open fire and reduce the town to ashes.

This was a serious threat to a little, unarmed village and town meeting was called to consider ways and means and ended up by deciding decisively to keep the Liberty Pole, Britishers or no Britishers. As some course of defence now had to be thought up, some of the leading citizens adjourned secretly to the old Burnham Tavern and from there to the neighboring forest, where after some little debate, one of the leaders, named Benjamin Foster, stepped across a small brook that ran near by and invited all those who were in favor of seizing the British cutter and the two sloops to follow him. After a little hesitation, everybody crossed the little stream; this "Rubicon" of the Maine wilderness. It was now decided to trap the

British officers in the local church where it was known they would attend divine service the following Sunday, and to that end it was arranged for part of the townspeople to go to church, as usual; concealing on their persons such weapons as they could carry, while another party, fully armed, was to surround the building when services had opened.

All would have gone well but for the pastor's colored servant who had not been let in on the secret. Dozing in the rear of the church, he happened to glance out of the window at an inopportune moment only to see an armed force approaching in the distance. With a loud outcry he warned the members of the church of their supposed peril and the British officers made a quick get-away through an open window and reached their vessel in safety, weighed anchor and slipped down stream. The Polly was still too heavily loaded to be used in pursuit but the Unity was at once manned with an armed crew under the command of an old Indian fighter, Col. John O'Brien. Foster and some more men were to secure another schooner at a neighboring port and join the expedition the following morning but unfortunately their vessel ran aground and so was unable to join in the conflict.

And now followed one of the most amazing exploits in the annals of naval warfare for the little Unity had but forty men on board and only half of these had muskets and a bare three rounds of ammunition apiece. On the other hand they were pursuing a vessel armed with sixteen swivel guns and four four-pounders. It was decided on the American vessel that they must treasure their precious ammunition and try to board the cutter. Finally upon rounding a bend in the Machias river they sighted the Margaretta in the broader waters below. As they came within hailing distance, Capt. Moore, the British commander, challenged them with, "Keep off or we will fire." The Americans shouted defiance and demanded that he surrender. Either because he lost his head, or through a streak of cowardice, Moore now stood out to sea and the Unity closely followed, eventually catching up with the fleeing cutter which finally fired a shot and killed a man on the Unity. By this time the two vessels were coming alongside of each other so that the Unity answered with all her muskets and Capt. O'Brien leaped on board the Margaretta, only to find himself alone and stranded, when the two vessels swung apart. Seven shots were then deliberately fired at him without injuring him and finally he flung himself into the sea and reached the Unity in safety.

THE BATTLE WITH PITCHFORKS

When the two vessels closed the second time, twenty Americans were able to gain the Margaretta's deck armed with pitchforks, as their muskets were by now useless for lack of ammunition. There then ensued a unique contest between men armed with bayonets and those carrying pitchforks and short and desperate it proved to be, but soon the Americans were masters of the Margaretta and the British captain and ten of his men lay dead and many more wounded. Great was the rejoicing at Machias when the Unity proudly returned towing the captured cutter.

The bulwarks and equipment of the Margaretta were now transferred to the Unity which was renamed the Machias Liberty and placed under the command of Captain O'Brien who cruised along the coast trying to capture the English survey ship Diligence. Finally, one day, the Diligence came into the lower harbor hunting the lost Marga-

retta only to be captured herself along with another smaller attendant sloop. Machias then proudly placed the three captured British war vessels at the disposal of the new Provincial Congress and Capt. O'Brien, Benjamin Foster and the men who served under them were all given a vote of thanks by that body for their gallant action in that "Lexington of the Seas," the first naval battle of the Revolution.

THE BURNING OF FALMOUTH

Machias was not alone among the Maine towns in jumping to arms after the battle of Lexington. York sent a company of sixty men the very next morning after the fight to Boston and Falmouth (now Portland), Biddeford and other towns sent support a day or two later. Falmouth, being the largest port in Maine, had the royal customhouse and a good many royalist officeholders and sympathizers resided in the town. Feeling had run high when the Stamp Act was passed and the stamps sent to Falmouth were publicly burned shortly after their arrival from England.

About this time a royalist named Captain Coulson sent to England for material to outfit a large schooner he had built, but the people of Falmouth were determined that no more English goods should be permitted to land. Accordingly when Captain Coulson's supplies arrived he had to appeal to Boston for aid and the British sloop of war Canseau was despatched under the command of Captain Mowatt. The next morning while the captain and his surgeon were ashore enjoying a constitutional on Mountjoy's Hill they were suddenly seized by a reckless band of patriots. When the more sober minded citizens of the town heard of this there was great dismay because they realized the town was entirely at the mercy of the guns on the Canseau. After considerable excitement, the two British officers were released on parole, but the next day Mowatt broke his parole, claiming his washerwoman told him he was to be shot as soon as he landed that day.

Militia from the surrounding countryside now commenced to pour into Falmouth and finally the Canseau and Captain Coulson's new vessel sailed for Portsmouth but not before Captain Mowatt had issued dire threats of vengeance yet to come. A little later the British sixteen gun warship Senegal, bore into port convoying Coulson's ship and an effort was made to overawe the town into giving up the masts for the new vessel. Congress had, however, just passed a law forbidding royalists taking any of their property out of the country and in spite of intimidations, the two vessels were forced to leave without accomplishing their mission.

The rest of that eventful summer passed quietly enough for Falmouth but on the 16th of October five British war vessels appeared in the harbor, the Canseau among them. Shortly afterwards a boat rowed ashore under a flag of truce bearing the following message to the town authorities. "You have for long experienced Britain's forbearance in withholding the rod of correction. You have been guilty of unpardonable rebellion . . . I give you two hours to remove your sick and infirm when I shall then open fire and reduce the town to ashes."

Falmouth was stupefied. It could not believe that such an atrocity could be committed by a supposedly civilized enemy. A committee of three royalists, all Episcopalians and friends of the English were sent to intervene, but Mowatt was adamant, declaring that he was but following orders

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given him by Admiral Graves who commanded the fleet in Boston. Finally, after much pleading, he agreed to withhold the bombardment till nine the following morning and stated further that if the town would surrender all its small arms, leaving itself defenceless, he would delay its destruction till he had time to get further word from Admiral Graves. A town meeting was hastily summonsed but the angry citizenry refused to accept such humiliating terms and the next morning word of its decision was sent to Mowatt.

Promptly at nine o'clock the signal to start firing was displayed at the masthead of Mowatt's flagship and upon that the fleet opened fire. All that day the defenceless town was exposed to a continual bombardment of grapeshot, cannon balls and bullets and when that barrage failed to completely destroy it, a force of men was sent ashore to fire any buildings left standing. Everything was reduced to ashes; the homes of royalists as well as patriots and by six that evening Falmouth was no more. What in the morning had been a fine town of over 400 homes and many public buildings was completely wiped out. Winter was coming on and terrible suffering ensued, and it was quite a few years before the town commenced to get built up again. Following the Revolution, however, more propitious times returned and the port was rebuilt better than before and continued to grow till today it constitutes the present prosperous city of Portland.

THE QUEEN OF THE KENNEBEC

The romance of Jacataqua, Sachem of Swan Island, and Aaron Burr, in his later days, vice-president of the United States, does much to relieve the otherwise somber setting of Benedict Arnold's ill-fated expedition across the Maine wilderness to take Quebec in 1775. Jacataqua, half French and half Indian, was in spite of her woodland setting quite a cultured lady, having received a most excellent education in the finest schools of Quebec. Burr was a graduate of Princeton and came of an influential family, his father being president of that college.

The Queen of the Kennebec, having fallen under the displeasure of the military authorities of Maine, had been arrested and taken with a small band of her followers to Fort Western, which then stood on the site of the present capital of the state, Augusta. Thus it happened that young Burr, not yet 21 and now one of Arnold's aids, first caught a glimpse of the fair Diana while marching with his troops into Fort Western. What he saw was a slim, lithesome forest maid with olive skin and flashing eyes bubbling over with the vivacity and sprightliness of her French ancestry. Her dark hair hung down in two long braids that well nigh reached the bottom of her leather hunting skirt. Her irresistible charms won the admiration of every passerby and small wonder that the young officer stopped in his tracks and at once sought an introduction.

Judge Howard, the magistrate of the little settlement that clustered around the fort, had a piece of corn which was being destroyed by bears. He was relating his troubles the next day at the old fort, when Jacataqua spoke up and asked what he would give her if she would rid him of the mischief makers. A satisfactory deal was quickly arranged and then young Burr laughingly suggested that she ought to be accompanied by the handsomest man in the regiment. At that the quick-witted Queen retorted, "Bring out your man," whereupon Burr, who seems to have had no mean opinion of himself, stepped out. The young girl surveyed him

coolly and said, "Well, I cannot say but that you are handsome, so take your axe and I'll take my trusty rifle." When they reached the cornfield the bears were ahead of them; a mother and two cubs. The youngsters quickly sought safety in the tops of some nearby white oak trees and Jacataqua fired at old Bruin who staggered and fell. The handsomest man in the regiment rushed forward to finish the "critter" off when suddenly she came to life and hugging him in a deadly embrace proceeded to rip off his handsome black trousers and claw him up generally. Then the heroine of the tale stepped in and with a final shot from her trusty rifle laid the old mother bear low. The cubs had in the meantime come down from the tree tops and were also engaging in the fray, but Jacataqua finished off one with the butt of her rifle and Burr killed the other with his axe. What a setting for romance now followed with the fair Jacataqua mending her hero's trousers and binding up his wounds.

The following evening a great feast was held at the old fort in honor of Arnold and his men; a feast they later had good cause to remember when they were starving on the banks of the Chaudiere. Jacataqua was there in all her finery including a crown made of peacock feathers that had come all the way from Paris, while Burr was dressed in buff and blue with silver buckles on his shoes. A magnificent banquet it was and the piece de resistance was the bear and her two cubs roasted Indian fashion with the hair on. After dinner, of course, came the toasts and the fair Jacataqua was called on first, as befitted her high estate and her toast was—what do you suppose?—"A Burr full of chestnuts." The entire assembly at the old fort clapped and cheered and then Burr was called upon to reply, which he did with, "To the Queen of the Kennebecs, may she always have a lapful of chestnuts fresh from the Burr." Well, at that the old fort fairly rocked and the huge open-mouthed cannon even flared forth a salute. That was indeed a banquet and it lived long in the memory of men.

Before long Jacataqua convinced Arnold and Burr that she and a few of her Indians would be a valuable addition to the expedition, knowing as they did the wild country they were about to push through, so when Arnold and his men toiled up the Kennebec and then shot down the wild Chaudiere the fair queen was with them; she and her English bloodhound, and there took place that historic love episode, the memory of which lives on to this day. Long before the dreadful march was completed and the American forces reached the bleak banks of the St. Lawrence, fair Jacataqua had lost much of her haughtiness and pride and was waiting on Burr like a faithful squaw, happy if only she could bask in his smiles. While all the dogs that went along with the expedition had long since been killed and eaten by the starving men, Jacataqua's hound lived on because he had been trained to hunt and so brought in a little game. Time and time again Jacataqua's knowledge of woodcraft proved invaluable to Arnold's sorely beset forces and Burr, under the tutelage of the forest queen, became Arnold's right-hand man skillfully helping to steer the huge bateaux through the white water and rapids of the terrible Chaudiere.

Finally Burr and Jacataqua, along with the others, reached the snow drifted waste that lay before the frowning ramparts of Quebec. Burr's food supply for the moment had been reduced to a single biscuit and he was just dipping up a hatful of water for his queen to drink with the biscuit, when a Scottish officer in the English forces stepped up, be-



Where Flows the Kennebec

witched by the beauty of the fair Jacataqua, and gallantly offered his cup in place of the hat for the use of the queen. Before long he and Burr became fast friends and the Scotchman even gave Burr the tongue of a dead horse for food; a rare delicacy in those starving days. Burr and his new found friend met by stealth between the lines many times and talked over the future of Jacataqua; for she was about to become a mother and Burr soon had to leave with despatches for Montgomery at Montreal. So it was finally arranged that the Scot would look after Jacataqua and see that she was placed in a nunnery in Quebec and taken good care of.

Burr then proceeded to Montreal; distinguished himself under Montgomery and once more returned to Quebec where he is said to have secretly visited the fair queen several times. In a gray nunnery overlooking the St. Lawrence Jacataqua had her baby girl who was duly christened by the Sisters, Chestnutiana. Years then passed. Burr grew to be a great man and rumor has it that still infatuated by his wilderness love, he fitted up a refuge for her on a lonely estate on Long Island where he secretly visited her, and even had another child by her from whom a prominent New York family is descended. Then came that fatal duel with Hamilton when Burr, ruined and fleeing from outraged public opinion, had to tell his queen of his disgrace, whereupon it is said she threw herself into the East River and thus ended her romantic career.

Chestnutiana was adopted by the Scottish officer who was so enamoured of her mother and taken to his home in Scotland where she was brought up as his daughter. She married well; eventually moved to New York and finally took the helpless, paralytic Burr into her home when in his last days he was shunned by all his neighbors, and there he eventually died in his daughter's arms.

THE PHANTOM SHIP OF HARPSWELL

"She rounds the headland's bristling pines,
She threads the isle-set bay,
No spur of breeze can speed her on,
Nor ebb of tide delay.

For never comes the ship to port,
Howe'er the breeze may be;

Just when she nears the waiting shore
She drifts again to sea.

Some home amid yon birchen trees
Shall drape its door with woe;
And slowly where the Dead Ship sails,
The burial boat shall row!"

Whittier

So often has this mysterious, yet majestic wraith of a full rigged ship been seen by the fisher-folk, calmly coming up the broad reaches of Harpswell with all her sails spread, that it is difficult to believe it can be but a myth. The oldest inhabitants of this section claim to have witnessed this spectral vessel not once but many times and each visitation, it is said, has always presaged some dire misfortune. Out of the fog or the storm comes the beautiful ship gliding along with every sail taut and on and on she comes till it seems that nought is left but for her to crash on the rock-bound coast; then slowly she backs away and stern first floats out to the open sea from whence she came. No sound is ever heard; no lights are seen; no movements witnessed upon her broad and gleaming decks. It makes no difference whether the tide ebbs or flows; whether the night be calm or whether a stiff north-east gale is blowing; always in the same calm, majestic manner she glides into port and then backs out again to sea.

One night an inbound China clipper came booming into port. The stars were out, the sky was clear and home was near at hand when suddenly as if out of nowhere the lookout sighted a beautiful full rigged ship directly in front of him and it was with the greatest difficulty that the clipper was tacked enough to avoid a head-on collision, for as it was she grazed the stranger's stern. No response came, however, to the excited hails of the clipper's captain; no lights were shown; all was silence and mystery. Swinging his vessel about as quickly as possible he started in pursuit only to witness the phantom vessel easily distance his speedy craft and soon vanish in the distant haze. "'Tis the 'Dead Ship of Harpswell,'" exclaimed the awestruck captain. "Pursue her no farther lest she lead us to our destruction." Tradition has it that once she was a treasure ship; that mutiny and murder darkened her decks and that finally she was swept by the plague and so not permitted to enter



The Good Old Summer Time at Kennebunk Beach

port, but doomed forever to flit like a ghost over the bounding main as was the famous "Flying Dutchman"; only unlike her she confines her activities largely to the Maine coast around Harpswell.

THE ROMANCE OF MOUNT DESERT

At the head of Southwest Harbor the inquiring tourist may still see the crumbling cellar walls that once supported a simple fishing cottage in which was born the greatest statesman and diplomat of the Napoleonic era; no less a personage than Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord, Prince de Benevant—that is if tradition is to be believed.

In 1753 a French frigate, bound for Quebec and badly battered by a driving northeast gale, was forced to seek shelter as best she could on the rather inhospitable coast of Mount Desert. After an exceedingly narrow escape from being dashed to pieces on the jagged reefs that line that shore, the frigate finally reached the comparative safety of the more quiet waters of Southwest Harbor.

At that time this was a French fishing village and in the cottage we have mentioned there lived a hardworking fisherman named Pierre Beauvais with his aged father and mother and his beautiful daughter Delphine, who although at the time but eighteen, was a wild woodland rose possessing such rare beauty and charm as would have carried her far if she had not been buried in the wilderness that was then Mount Desert.

The very storm that had nearly dashed the warship on that rockbound coast had also caught Delphine's father out on a fishing trip and he was never afterwards seen or heard from again. The young girl's family traced its ancestry back to people of quality in the old country and many were the tales her old grandfather had entertained her with as a child of the glories of the great court of Louis XV. So what more natural than that the young girl should have had her day dreams of some gallant lover coming in a great ship and bearing her off to that wonderful land across the sea where her beauty would fittingly adorn a noble chateau.

So when the battered "Bon Homme" anchored off shore and a handsome young officer soon came

knocking at her door to inquire for much needed supplies, could Delphine be blamed for thinking that at last her cherished dream was coming true? And indeed so it would appear to anyone, for after one glance at the blushing maid, the gallant young captain became a daily visitor at the humble cottage.

The old grandfather, well realizing the advantages of a wealthy connection, gave hearty encouragement to the suit of the young captain and soon both Delphine and he were deeply in love and their troth was pledged. The simple fisher maiden, unused to the wiles of the great outside world, gave herself heart and soul to her lover; but only too soon came the sad hour of parting, for the captain must needs continue on his way to Quebec. But faithfully he promised to return to his love just as soon as his mission was accomplished, and then he would carry a blushing bride to his splendid ancestral home in bonny France.

A year rolled by and the bright sunshine of summer had melted into the golden haze of autumn. Delphine, always wondrous fair, was now beautiful indeed for in her eyes shone the divine light of mother love as she tenderly watched her new born babe, the heir of a noble line. Suddenly a sail showed in the offing and swiftly it headed up the reach. Could it be the ship of her dreams? Ah! it was not a phantom then after all but the "Bon Homme" and soon Delphine once more was clasped in her lover's arms. Fondly he told her that he was on his way to France that he might prepare for her coming to his people and that he would soon return and take her and little Maurice to their rightful place in the brilliant life of his beautiful France.

So once more the white sails of the "Bon Homme" faded on the distant horizon but then there followed many long and lonely years. The old grandparents slowly tottered to their graves and Delphine was left alone to rear her son, who she so fondly pictured as heir to a noble patrimony. Faithfully and well had she performed her task and now by her side stood a bright and handsome child of seven, marred with but one defect, a limp when he walked, caused by his feet having been scalded when a kettle of boiling water was accidentally overturned.



The Marie Antoinette House at North Edgecomb

It was the spring of 1761 and the air was warm and balmy when poor Delphine, her hands now calloused by hard work, once more saw a French frigate sail up the bay and anchor in the offing. This time, however, a stranger landed and soon the dread forebodings of the fond mother proved to be only too true, for the ship had come to take little Charles Maurice back to France, to be educated and prepared to enter his proper estate, provided his poor mother would relinquish all claim to him. At first the loving Delphine simply could not consider facing the sad and lonely future without her little son. The kind French officer, however, knowing the hearts of women, departed for his ship, giving her the night to think it over in, and long and terrible was the battle the young mother fought with herself that night, knowing she must choose between the future welfare of her boy and her own aching heart. Finally as the sky was commencing to be tinged with red, a herald of the coming day, her decision was made; she would part with the child for his own good, even though it broke her heart. So when the ship's officer came ashore for his answer it was to find a compliant mother smiling through her tears as she painted bright pictures to her little son of the wonderful land he was soon to visit.

Many fleeting years rolled by and once more glorious autumn bedecked the countryside with its ravishing tints of gold and brown. Mount Desert loomed up out of a shimmering setting of green like some rare aquamarine. A sailing vessel came beating up the coast and standing by the rail eagerly scanning the yet distant isle was a richly dressed man who walked with a decided limp. 'Twas the famous Count de Talleyrand, the great French statesman, temporarily an exile from his native land on account of the French Revolution, and now on his way to visit the coast of Maine and incidentally an isle already famous for its wild scenery, Mount Desert. The fishermen of Southwest Harbor remarked later how strange it was that this great man should have been so familiar with all the nooks and crannies of that little settlement when he had never been there before. Another who happened to witness this scion of the French nobility kneeling at a lowly grave in the shadow of the great pine woods also wondered, for

the grave was that of poor Delphine, who, grown old and racked and crippled by the hard toil of life in a fishing village, had passed on to her reward some years before.

THE MARIE ANTOINETTE HOUSE

Old Wiscasset, with its wealth of fine houses built in the days when Boothbay Harbor, Edgecomb and Wiscasset were the haven of ships returning with fragrant cargoes of spices and tea, still slumbers on but little changed from those truly epic days of old. Its mansions have a stateliness and beauty seldom to be found elsewhere in this hurrying age and they contain more priceless antiques and heirlooms than can probably be met with most anywhere else in this country today.

Just across the bridge from this village of rare charm and delightful memories one may note a sturdy, square framed old mansion—for mansion it was in its prime—that carries within its walls poignant memories of the glories that were of old France. This two story dwelling in North Edgecomb, while less pretentious than many of the larger and more attractive castles and mansions of nearby Wiscasset, carries a story from the past that is perhaps the most intriguing of all. For it belonged to Captain Clough, one of that old type of sea captain who starting as a boy on a farm would come to own his own vessel and the cargo in it and thus be able to sail and trade wherever his fancy dictated. When this tale opened, the old mansion was located some little distance from where it now stands, on a farm on Squam Island that belonged to the captain but, as has so often happened on the Maine coast, it was later picked up bodily, placed on a scow and floated over a briny estuary, only to be straightened up trim and shipshape where it stands to this day.

France was in the throes of the Revolution; the Bastille had been stormed and patrician blood was reddening the streets of Paris when Captain Clough sailed into Havre with his customary load of good Maine pine, a staple very much in demand at that time. The King and his Queen, the beautiful Marie Antoinette, had been taken by the mob to Paris. The good captain, while a staunch republican, had little sympathy for the excesses of the French rabble then dominating the scene, and while holding but a poor opinion of the weak king, sympa-



Anemone Cave, Bar Harbor, Mount Desert

thized heartily with the beautiful queen. Things soon reached such a pass that royalist sympathizers deemed it advisable to make an attempt to spirit her out of the country and as Captain Clough had won an enviable reputation for fair dealing, he was secretly approached by emissaries of the Queen and before he knew it, was involved head over heels in the exceedingly dangerous plot of trying to rescue her from her prison—for dangerous it was what with the guillotine working overtime each day and severed heads being carted off continuously.

Maine sea captains, however, whatever else they may have lacked, never were short on courage and before long by bribery, force or cajolery—nobody seems to know to this day just how it was done—the empty Sally was gradually filled with a most astonishing cargo of rich tapestries, laces, silks, dainty jewel cases, rare paintings, ornaments and endless bric-a-brac so dear and even necessary to the comfort of a Queen; not to speak of a wealth of delicate spindle legged French furniture and even massive mahogany four posted bedsteads. Surely the strangest cargo ever stored away in the hold of a Maine vessel and perhaps about the most dangerous. Weeks passed in the process, and how the usually garrulous crew of the Sally ever was able to keep the matter a secret is another mystery, though we can well imagine that all hands must have by this time appreciated how easy it would be for them to lose their heads and so have decided it safest to keep a close mouth about the whole matter.

So much time elapsed that Captain Clough was able to send word home to Squam Island to his good wife and black-eyed daughter, Rosalin, to get the house all spic and span and to be ready to welcome no less a personage than Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France. The consternation this message created in that simple household may well be imagined. Tongues commenced to wag in the neighborhood too; these French ladies had such a bad reputation in staid New England and then to make matters worse was the Queen not a Papist? What was the captain thinking about? However, Mrs. Clough was a dutiful helpmate and you may be sure every nook and corner of the old house was cleaned and scrubbed to within an inch of its life.

Then she and her excited daughter waited and waited and before long fear commenced to clutch at their hearts, for well they knew the terrible risk the captain was taking.

THE STORM BREAKS

Meanwhile in France Captain Clough was being secretly admitted to the royal prison and after a time he became very well acquainted with the captive family, for in a later letter he reassures his awe-struck wife, saying, "Do not prepare to receive a queen, but only a very sad and broken-hearted lady." Suddenly the storm broke. On the very day of the intended flight a message giving instructions for her escape that night was sent to the Queen in a bouquet of flowers. Unfortunately the guard detected the ruse and without further delay the poor queen was led to the scaffold by the infuriated mob. The captain was tipped off on the sad change in the fortunes of the royal family just in the nick of time, and none too soon at that, for he managed to slip out of the harbor and onto the high seas by the "skin of his teeth" as you might say. Then, since there was really nothing else for him to do, he sailed home with all the queen's belongings, including a great stock of her wearing apparel. All these were transferred to his home on Squam Island, even to the tapestried wall paper and while he lived nary a bit of it would he ever allow to be sold or disposed of. After his death, however, most of these rich and beautiful furnishings became scattered over the countryside and here and there, particularly in Wiscasset, pieces are still to be found to this day. The Metropolitan Museum of New York treasures some magnificent vases that were part of the strange cargo and in Portland there is a particularly beautiful sideboard that once graced the royal dining room.

The old house itself, now known as the Marie Antoinette House was, as has been mentioned before, moved bodily to its new location, where it is well worth a visit as it still contains a little of the rich finery that it once overflowed with.

SQUIRE GREENLEAF'S GRAVE

A short distance out from Boothbay Harbor lies the famous summer resort of Squirrel Island. According to popular legend, Capt. Kidd seems to



"The Old Swimming Hole" at Fryeburg

have been unable to pass this island by when he was planting his multifarious loot all up and down the Maine coast, as he is reputed to have done, for to this day the curious tourist will be shown a long, funnel shaped cavern extending into the solid rock for 200 feet or more where it is confidently believed some of the treasure lies hidden.

A good many years ago the island belonged to a local man of substance named Squire Greenleaf who, when old age overtook him, decided to retire and so sold out his interest and moved to the mainland, where a little later he passed on. When his will came to be opened it was found to stipulate that his body must be buried in the white, gleaming sand of Davenport Cove, one of the small bays that indents the island's coast.

So a scow was sent over to get a load of this sand, but the lazy crew, thinking sand was sand, never bothered to go as far as the Cove but loaded up at the first beach they came to. Strange to say, shortly after they had started back home a terrible tempest came up and the old scow was nigh on to foundering when suddenly over the waves came the flapping figure of the old Squire himself angrily waving them back to Squirrel Island. Such an impression did this ghostly visitation make on the superstitious crew that they hesitated not a moment but kept busy till every last bit of the sand they had on board was dumped over into the sea and then they found they had drifted nearly back to the island. This time they took the trouble to round into Davenport Cove and, loading up with the finest and whitest sand they could find, set out for home again when lo! the sun came out and a perfect crossing was made and the old Squire's flapping ghost never bothered them nor anybody else from that day to this.

THE HOUSE OF THE GOLDEN IDOLS

Two miles north of Naples on Route 302 is an interesting old mansion that formerly belonged to a Captain Hill; a Maine sea captain of the old school who engaged in the clipper trade with China and the Orient when sailing vessels were sailing vessels and Maine sailormen were to be found most anywhere on the seven seas. Returning one day from a particularly successful voyage to China, the captain unpacked several huge golden idols

that he had succeeded in purloining from a Chinese temple.

Great interest was aroused by his new knickknacks and their extraordinary weight finally induced the captain to bore into one of them to see what made it so heavy and, believe it or not, it was filled solid with gold! Well that was indeed a pleasant surprise and it is said the captain's share of this unexpected wealth came to over \$300,000. It was then that this mansion we have mentioned was erected with its crystal chandeliers, decorated ceilings, graceful balustrades, and indeed everything that a worth while mansion of those days required. Then as a finishing touch the good captain installed two of his by now empty idols in the front hall flanking his handsome staircase.

Easy come, easy go, so before long most of the ill-gotten gold had been spent and the old skipper decided to take another trip to the Orient but he never returned from this voyage nor was he ever heard from again. Rumor has it, however, that fate impelled him to revisit the temple he had pillaged, drawn there as by some Nemesis that would not let him rest till he once more viewed the scene of his spoliation and that the priests recognized him and then he mysteriously vanished. The idols graced the old house for many years thereafter, however.

GOLDEN DOUBLOONS AND PIECES OF EIGHT

From the very earliest times, tradition has placed the cache of an immense treasure—supposed to be that of the ubiquitous Captain Kidd—as being on Jewell Island in Casco Bay. More time and effort has been spent in digging for this mystical loot than could possibly be paid for if every one of the golden dreams had come true. Not a farthing has ever been found, however, and so one day, when a stranger presented himself at the little island and told the same old, threadbare tale of having an authentic chart that showed where the treasure was buried, nobody paid much attention to it outside of tapping their heads a little to signify that here was another crackpot, daft on Captain Kidd's treasure. This particular party who hailed from St. John, told of the Captain on his deathbed having turned the map over to a faithful



Enjoying the View from Mighty Katabdin

black retainer, who in turn passed it on to the stranger when his time came to pass on.

The treasure hunter made no effort to locate the hoard, however, but waited for the return of Captain Chase—a fisherman and smuggler with a rather unsavory reputation—who happened to be away on a trip at the time. The captain had the only reliable compass on the island the stranger had been told, and he said it was very necessary to have an accurate one when he started on his hunt. When Chase finally returned the two were seen hobnobbing together for a day or two and then early one morning they disappeared in the bush before anybody was alert enough to follow them. A couple of days later the captain turned up again alone and soon afterwards went on another fishing expedition.

When attention was called to the absence of the man from St. John, a search was made and the posse came across an excavation on the far side of the island in the bottom of which there was plainly to be seen the impression of what must have been a metal trunk or chest. Assuming the treasure seeker had found what he was looking for and then had quietly left the island, the local authorities gave up the search and bothered their heads no further about it.

Time passed and Captain Chase grew to be the island's wealthiest citizen, highly honored and respected; his earlier reputation of being a smuggler and a near-pirate being just about completely forgotten. When he finally died, the little community mourned his passing as that of one of their beloved old time sea captains. A little later, however, the island was dumfounded when a berry picker ran onto a skeleton hidden among some rocks not far from the "treasure pit." Long exposure to the elements had destroyed all identifying marks except for a silver ring which some of the old hangers-on at the local taproom identified as having belonged to the treasure-hunter of years ago. Spurred on by these discoveries, the islanders now thoroughly searched the home of the dead captain, only to find all manner of sliding panels and underground passages, one of which led to a secret chamber where undisputed evidence was unearthed that the stranger had indeed been murdered and that Captain Chase had stolen his treasure.

It was now too late to confront the captain with this damnable evidence, so the weather-beaten skeleton was buried beside the grave of the deceased captain and the citizens called it a day. Soon after this eerie reports were heard of strange lights and noises seen and heard in the former Chase domicile and then one dark night a breathless islander rushed into the settlement with a weird story of strange doings at the "treasure pit" where he had witnessed two men toiling with pick and shovel by flickering blue lights and then of suddenly hearing a loud outcry followed by groans. Investigation the next day revealed the place unchanged and overgrown with bushes just as usual, but from that day to this no native has willingly gone near that place after dark and the captain's house was similarly avoided so that in time it became a mass of wreckage.

ANOTHER EXPLOIT AT OLD 'BIGUYDUCE

After burning Falmouth, Captain Mowatt was sent with a fleet of three ships to the Penobscot and put in charge of the new station at 'Biguyduce. A little later Massachusetts sent a joint naval and military expedition to capture this stronghold which turned out to be a disastrous rout because the American naval commander did not properly support the land attack. Then followed a fatal delay thus permitting the British to bring reinforcements from Halifax, whereupon the American squadron was badly beaten and every ship was either captured or burned. The militia now left high and dry, as you might say, was compelled to slash its way through the then primeval wilderness clear to the Kennebec which was reached only after untold hardships.

Gen. Peleg Wadsworth, who had ably commanded part of the land forces, was now given the task of looking after the eastern sector of Maine with his headquarters at Thomaston. He made his residence on the outskirts of the town in a rather secluded spot and had a guard of only six soldiers to protect himself and his family. The British at 'Biguyduce, were not long in learning of this and a force of 25 men was sent to effect his capture. They reached his home at midnight and the guard was soon overpowered, but the General fought on bravely till a shot shattered his right arm and he



The Water Front at Camden

was compelled to give himself up. With but a blanket thrown over him to protect him from the inclement weather, the General was led away from his burning dwelling without a chance to say farewell to his wife and not even knowing whether his children were dead or alive.

Though suffering excruciatingly from his fractured arm, the General was compelled to tramp most of the way to a distant landing where a privateer was waiting to take him and his captors to 'Biguyduce. Arriving at the British stronghold on the Penobscot the following day, he and his fellow prisoners were greeted with shouts of scorn and rage and for a time it looked as though they might be lynched. The commandant of the post, however, stepped forward and escorted the General to his quarters, where he expressed the utmost admiration for the brave defence he had put up and saw to it that he was kindly treated and that his wounds were attended to.

After many weeks of confinement, the General finally got the use of his arm again only to learn that he was shortly to be sent to England for trial. Knowing that with the state of feeling being such as it was, this meant nothing less than going to the gallows, he and Major Burton, another unfortunate prisoner and now his roommate, decided to try any means, no matter how desperate, to escape. Their prison was heavily guarded and was surrounded by stout walls twenty feet high and a deep ditch. If these difficulties were surmounted they would find themselves on a peninsula whose only exit to the mainland was very heavily guarded. Only on the sea side was there any hope of escape and that a very slim one.

THE ESCAPE

Coming into the possession of a penknife and a gimlet through the aid of a friendly servant, the two men stealthily made a row of holes around a section of their panelled ceiling, carefully filling them with moistened bread so that their guards might not detect their work. Then they waited patiently till the very night before they were to be taken to England and fortunately on this night there came up a terrific thunderstorm during which the rain whipped down in such torrents that the guard

was forced to seek shelter. Realizing their time had come at last, the two prisoners hastily removed the encircled section from their ceiling and lifted themselves into a narrow passageway above. While groping about in the intense darkness of the blind passage, the two became separated. The General finally came out on top of the high wall down which he lowered himself by means of a blanket he had brought along. Then after crawling between the sentry boxes in which the guards had taken shelter from the rain, he finally emerged on the sea shore. After waiting half an hour at a rendezvous he had made with his friend, he gave him up for lost and plunged into the bay and made for the mainland a mile away. Once more luck was with him as the tide happened to be low and he was able to wade most of the way, though at times the cold water was nearly to his shoulders. When the sun rose the following morning over a storm swept coast, the escaped prisoner found he had been able to place eight miles between himself and the fort. Suddenly he became aware he was being followed and his joy and relief may be imagined when he saw in the distance his fellow conspirator, the Major, walking towards him.

The two now pushed on together and finding an empty boat on the banks of the Penobscot succeeded in crossing over to the west bank. Just as they had almost reached safety there, however, a pursuing British patrol boat spied them and gave chase. These two hardy Indian fighters were not going to be caught after all the effort they had made to escape, so plunging into the wilderness they fled westward. For three days they travelled with only a compass for a guide and finally reached an American outpost from which they made their way back to Thomaston.

General Wadsworth lived to become one of Portland's foremost citizens, building the first brick house in town. His grandson was no other than the greatly beloved American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

OUTWITTING NAPOLEON

The year 1808 found grass growing in the streets and shipyards of maritime New England. Napoleon and England were in a death grapple and our own



Turning out the "Spuds" at Aroostook

country, in an effort to keep out of trouble, had just passed the Embargo Act which prohibited American ships from trading on the high seas. So, swift sailing vessels were being launched along the Kennebec and elsewhere in Maine and were quietly stealing out of American ports to engage in blockade running and other profitable pursuits. One of the most famous of these was the *Rapid* built by the Jewetts, a well known shipping house of those days. The Jewetts had stipulated that the *Rapid* must be the fastest thing afloat and even in those days of superb sailing ships she is said to have fully met the specifications.

Her first trip was to the island of Guadaloupe where she was to run the close blockade maintained by the British around that French isle. When the *Rapid* reached the Carribean, however, it was only to find that Guadaloupe had surrendered. Her course was then altered to Charleston where she took on a load of southern cotton for England, trusting by showing a clean pair of heels to elude any French cruisers she might meet with on the way.

England was reached in safety and cotton was found to be sky high but it was also learned there that in Memel, Prussia, it was bringing the unheard of price of one dollar a pound, so all hands promptly voted to run the French blockade again and take the cotton to Memel. Once more they were successful, thanks to joining an English fleet of merchant vessels which was being convoyed into those northern waters. Leaving the convoy at Danzig, the *Rapid* sailed into Memel alone only to find to her consternation that the Prussian city had just been captured by Napoleon and that now the skipper and his crew were in a French hornet's nest with a cargo of cotton that had cleared from England.

The owner of the *Rapid*, who was with the vessel acting as agent, feeling that the jig was up was all for abandoning the craft to his captors, but it so happened the first mate of the little vessel—a fearless young sailor named Cammett—did not know what surrender meant. In spite of the fact that a French prize crew were now on board and that heavy French batteries commanded the exit to the harbor, the foolhardy Cammett finally talked the

owner and the crew into making a desperate attempt to escape. There did not seem to be one chance in a thousand but the crew backed him up to the last man in taking that one chance.

It so happened that the cook could speak French and he soon ingratiated himself into the good graces of the guard and disarmed their suspicions by professing a profound admiration for Napoleon and enlisting their aid in getting him a job as cook in the Imperial Army. Then he spoke up for the rest of the crew, who he also pictured as being anxious to join in with the French. The armed guard accordingly relaxed its vigilance and even permitted the Americans to still man the vessel.

A day or two later, orders were received to move the ship up into the inner harbor and after apparently having tried in vain to raise the huge anchor, Cammett asked permission to set some of the sails to aid in working the vessel clear, as he said the anchor had become fouled. When he was told to go ahead, instead of loosening a few of the bottom sails, he had his quick working crew spread nearly all the canvas on the ship before the French awoke to the situation. Then, when the alarm was spread and the guards rushed for their muskets, great was their consternation to find that the crafty cook had removed the flints while they had been regaling themselves on a particularly savory meal he had specially prepared for them.

THE RAPID RUNS THE BATTERIES

Cammett now severed the anchor rope with one blow of his axe and his men rushed the helpless guard over the side of the vessel with the heavy capstan bars they had been using in their feigned attempt to raise the fouled anchor. Thus released, the swift flying craft soon gained headway and all speed was made for the outer harbor, to reach which a gauntlet of frowning French cannon had to be run. The French flag had been allowed to still float at the masthead, so the gunners on shore hesitated for a time to fire on the vessel, not knowing just what was happening on board. But as soon as it became evident that the *Rapid* was attempting to escape, a terrific cannonade opened from over a hundred guns and shot and shell tore through her rigging and all about her but failed to do



Frye's Leap, Sebago Lake

much damage, because being still heavily loaded, she rode very low in the water, while the French were firing high. Soon a fresh breeze sprang up and swiftly the Yankee racer passed battery after battery in safety and with only a few minor repairs made necessary on her canvas and ropes.

The commander of the port, finally coming out of the daze into which he had been thrown by the unheard of audacity of those crazy Americans, ordered the only warship in the harbor to give chase; but by the time this unwieldy vessel was ready to follow on the trail, the swift blockade runner was disappearing in the distance. Rounding out of the harbor with the spray dashing high from in front of her keen cutting prow she made for the Russian port of Riga where her cotton sold for an even better price than had been offered in Memel. From there she sailed to England; took on a return cargo and crossed the Atlantic in the then record time of fifteen days. When Napoleon heard of this feat he is said to have exclaimed, "Ah! if I only had fifty captains like that, I could easily sweep the English from the sea." Such was one of the exploits that made Maine ships and Maine sailormen famous over all the seven seas.

FRYE'S LEAP

High up above the azure waters of beautiful Lake Sebago rises a steep cliff-like ledge formed of huge boulders 75 to 100 feet high. The history of this spot harks back to the romantic days of the early pioneers, when a Capt Frye, emerging from the surrounding wilderness one afternoon, found himself on the rocky platform that tops this precipitous decline, with a howling pack of painted redskins close at his heels. Hesitating but a moment, the gallant captain took the only course open to him, reckless as it was, and plunged headlong over the declivity into the waters that lap the rocks far below. The Indians who reached the edge of the precipice almost as soon as he had leaped, stood for a while in speechless amazement at the sheer audacity of the deed and when the brave officer failed to appear above the surface of the lake, naturally concluded he had been killed and departed.

It so happened, however, that when Frye made the surface of the lake he found himself sheltered

by some overhanging bushes and he lay for a time hidden there and then quietly swam to a nearby cave where he remained till nightfall. Entering the lake once more, he now swam to a large island in the offing which has ever since borne his name. It is also interesting to note that the red men used the rocky face of this escarpment as a picture gallery in the days before the coming of the whites, and painted thereon in vivid colors hunting scenes and pictures of the game they used to kill. Some traces of these paintings are believed to be visible even to this day. The cave where the good captain hid that summer day is also of interest as having been used by Nathaniel Hawthorne when starting to write "The Scarlet Letter."

LUTHER MADDOCKS AND HIS WHALE

A fisherman's tale, oft told around Boothby Harbor, relates the exploits of Maddocks and his whale. It seems that in 1885 there was to be a reunion of the veterans of the G.A.R. in Portland and Maddocks, who was a fisherman of repute, had the brilliant idea that exhibiting a whale would be a paying venture, as many of the veterans had probably never seen one. He soon succeeded in capturing a sixty foot hunchbacked whale and floated the carcass over a sunken scow which he had weighted down below water level with rocks. When the tide went out, the whale settled down on the scow, and Maddocks then removed the rocks, thus permitting it to rise with the next incoming tide. In this manner he was able to move his huge cargo to Portland harbor. Here he met with the opposition of the mayor of the city, who feared the hot sun would soon cause the dead whale to give forth a stench that would not only drive the veterans from his city but the rest of the population as well. Maddocks put up such a good argument, however, that the mayor finally yielded his rather reluctant permission and Maddocks exhibited his whale and is said to have made \$800 on the venture. He then proved to be the good Yankee trader he was by selling the carcass for another \$150 to a rendering concern who wanted the hide and blubber.

The remains were towed far out to sea and soon disappeared beneath the waves. Quite a time had elapsed, however, since the whale had been killed and gas had commenced to accumulate in the carcass so that before long it rose to the surface



Sunset on Long Lake at Bridgeton

and drifted ashore, where it soon attracted attention from far and near by the fragrance that was wafted from it over the city. Again it was towed out to sea, only to be washed ashore again and this process went on many times. Finally it was supposedly securely chained to a rocky isle far out in the bay but once more it broke loose and this time drifted ashore at Old Orchard Beach.

By this time it was pretty well decomposed and another enterprising chap hit on the brilliant idea of claiming the by now indistinguishable mass of carrion was a "sea serpent," figuring correctly that it would be hard for anybody to tell what it really was by that time. He profited on his venture even to the extent of having the railroads run special excursions so that sightseers might view his huge water snake. Then to cap the climax, he was able to sell the bones to a museum in the west which wanted them to exhibit after hearing about the monster. This display of Yankee resourcefulness ranks second to none perhaps, and we think the reader will agree it deserves to "take the cake."

PALESTINE THE GOLDEN

It was along in 1866, just after the Civil War, that the good folks of Jonesport—up near Machias—decided to colonize Palestine instead of the far west. That little village by the sea was then an isolated hamlet having but slight intercourse with the great outside world when one day a magnetic personality named Parson Adams descended into its midst. He had the ability to hypnotize his audience, being a spellbinder of the old school. In his youth he had been an English actor, but later became associated with Joseph Smith in the Mormon Church. After a falling out with Smith he came east and settled in Jonesport.

Preaching from the text of an old prophecy which he found in the Bible, he soon convinced nearly the entire population of the little village as well as many from the surrounding countryside, that their only hope of salvation lay in colonizing the Holy Land. A staunch 600 ton vessel was bought and soon the entire congregation, including even hardheaded storekeepers and sea captains, set sail with him, singing gospel hymns as they were slowly wafted out of sight of their beloved Maine coast.

The weather proved perfect all the way over and the good pastor did not hesitate to point this out as a favorable omen for the success of the venture. When they finally sighted the shores of Jaffa, however, they were somewhat disillusioned to see nought but a desert baking under the hot sun of the tropics. Arrangements had been made in advance with the Turkish government by the American consul so that they were able to land their cargo of lumber, farming tools and other supplies and they soon started in to get used to the new and trying climate.

Houses were erected and crops put in, including, of course, good Maine potatoes, but the wretched water drawn from the deep age old wells and the terrific heat soon commenced to take their fatal toll from the faithful band. When his followers protested about the filthy water, the pastor advised them to "Drink rum and abide in the Lord," which did not tend to help matters any. The good housewives tried to make butter but it soon became a liquid in the stifling heat and they were kept busy straining the insect life out of it that infested that region. Finally a crop of potatoes was harvested, but instead of that rare delicacy, a good flaky Maine potato, they now dug up a crop of tough tubers about the size of walnuts, and had to use pickaxes at that to pry them out of the sun baked Palestinian soil. Smallpox, leprosy and other diseases were prevalent in the surrounding countryside and finally the colonists commenced to encounter armed attacks from the Arabs.

After losing heavily from disease and strife, a reporter on the New York Sun finally took pity on them and advanced \$1800 to pay the fares of the remnant now left back to New York, else it seems probable the entire colony would have perished. One enterprising downeaster, however, stayed on in Jaffa and succeeded in building up a successful stage coach line for tourists between that city and Jerusalem. The balance of the colony upon arriving in New York, found themselves penniless and rather than face their old neighbors back in Maine, scattered all over the country. Pastor Adams is said to have gone to California where he once more appeared in the limelight by absconding with the funds of a savings bank.

THE TRAGIC RACE OF THE INDIAN LOVERS

At Roque Bluffs, not far from Machias, there

is a beautiful stretch of beach, thought by many to be second not even to that of Old Orchard itself. According to legend, here many years ago, on these hard, firm sands took place a race that in point of interest is a fitting second to mighty Marathon itself, perhaps.

The red men of Maine always loved the seashore and made their homes there in the summer and at Roque Bluffs there used to congregate one of the many sub-tribes of the mighty Abenaki. The chief of this tribe, Lone Moose, had a beautiful daughter named Golden Wing. Golden Wing had many admirers, but these finally sifted down to two young braves, Black Wolf and Flying Fox, both mighty hunters and great warriors and both as handsome as any maiden might wish for. Golden Wing could have been satisfied with either for a husband but to decide between them proved an almost insuperable task for her.

So one evening the chief's fair daughter strolled off by herself to think over her problem and her walk took her along this beautiful beach, now all afire with the glow of the setting sun as it slowly sank into the golden west. Suddenly the thought came to her of what an ideal place for a race this would be and then and there she decided to let her two lovers contest for her hand in a dramatic trial of speed; the one who could first round yon lone pine that towered in the far distance and return to her feet to be the victor and her fiancé.

This happy idea met with the full approval of the two rivals, who were both fleet runners and proud of their prowess in this sport and each of whom had full confidence in his ability to win the race and the fair prize. So on the appointed day we see the two lovers running neck to neck and rounding the pine together. After a time on the home stretch, however, Flying Fox was seen to falter, then by a desperate effort regain his place, only after a time to falter once more and suddenly drop from exhaustion. His competitor, Black Wolf, hearing the shouts and plaudits of the assembled spectators and not daring to turn and look back, only pushed on all the harder, expecting any moment that his rival would come up again or even pass him; not knowing that the poor fellow lay crumpled up on the beach some distance back. Then with a final desperate lunge he crossed the line and victory was his, but at that very moment he, too, fell in a heap at the feet of the blushing princess. As she stooped to clasp him in her arms, he gasped his last breath and passed on to that Valhalla of the red men, the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Just as this sad scene was being witnessed, a sorrowful wail was heard from those who had gone to the assistance of the defeated Flying Fox for they found that he, too, had passed on to his forefathers. Thus poor Golden Wing, who but a short time before had been burdened with too many lovers, suddenly found herself bereft and from that day to this the redmen always called this beautiful beach "The Race Course."

THE SALMON POOL TRAGEDY

In the days of long ago when the Passamaquoddies prospered and grew strong in the land that is bathed by the sparkling green waters, a young chieftain by the name of Flying Eagle wed a charming maiden of the neighboring Micmacs and they lived happily together for a time. Finally the young chief, who was a great hunter, departed on a long trip to the distant hunting grounds that lie up beyond Mt. Katahdin. During his absence, the young princess gave birth to twins, and as this was a very uncommon thing with the red men, it



Two Beauties Bagged at Kokajo

was immediately acclaimed by everybody as a special blessing on the happy couple by great Manitou himself. Flying Eagle's father immediately despatched a swift runner to carry the welcome news to his son, inscribing on a piece of birth bark the proud message that Darting Swallow, the young princess, had just given birth to a boy and a girl.

The journey was long and the runner had to put up over night in the village of a distant tribe whose chief also had a daughter who was in love with Flying Eagle and had, in fact, used all her charms to win him but without success. When the good news spread about the village, her anger and jealousy knew no bounds and that night, while the tired messenger slept, she changed the wording on the birth bark so that it now read that Flying Eagle's wife had given birth to twins, one a dog and the other a pig.

This astounding message was duly delivered to the young chief whose heart was immediately filled with sorrow, for well he knew the old tribal law of his people which required that a mother must be killed who gave birth to monsters. But he hurried the runner back to his father urgently beseeching him not to have the mother and her children put to death till he should return. Once more the message was changed by the jealous princess while the messenger slept so that when it was delivered it instructed Flying Eagle's father to immediately put the young mother and her children to death.

Everybody was greatly astonished and terribly



Madcap Waters along the Maine Coast

shocked that such a seemingly cruel order should be sent back by the young chieftain, but in those times the husband's wishes were law, so there was nothing else left to be done but execute the young mother and her babes. When nobody could be found, however, who would undertake such a dreadful task, her old father had to take it over, according to ancient tribal custom. But he, pretending to have done away with her, buried a deer and two fawns instead. He was, however, forced to cast the sorrowing mother and her children adrift to fend for themselves in the distant forest.

Flying Eagle wound up his hunting trip as quickly as possible and returned home and mourned long and sorrowfully over the freshly dug graves of his family, but said nothing to his fellow tribesmen, supposing the tribal law had been kept and that they had been executed accordingly. One day, however, Darting Swallow's old father, unable to witness his son-in-law's grief any longer reproached him for having ordered his family killed and the whole truth came out. Then far and wide through the depths of the great forest wandered poor Flying Eagle but without much hope of success because he realized that by now his dear ones must undoubtedly have perished from exposure.

Finally one day he came to the banks of the St. Croix river where today its sunlit waters dance across to the city of Calais and who should he see but his long lost wife sitting at the entrance of a cave playing with her children. It seems that she had been saved by an old Indian outcast who had taken her to his lonely refuge and had tenderly cared for her and her little ones.

As Flying Eagle impetuously rushed from the forest to embrace his long lost sweetheart, Darting Swallow drew back with fear, dreading his unaccountable wrath, although it was utterly beyond her understanding. Then hoping that he might, perhaps, spare the children if she would but sacrifice herself, she fled like a startled deer down the river's bank till she came to the awesome brink of the famous Salmon Pool, which even to this day boils and churns but a short distance below Calais. Here after a moment's hesitation she leaped headlong down into the boiling caldron and all that poor Flying Eagle could see when he reached the spot, were a few bubbles arising on top of the madcap waters.

Long and sadly Flying Eagle gazed at the place where his beloved bride had disappeared and then with a sigh he slowly retraced his steps to his two babes who were happily playing in the sunshine. For a time he seemed to forget all else in fondling and kissing them and then, after handing them over to the old Indian with a strict injunction that they be taken to their grandparents to be brought up with all the honors due the children of a great chieftain, he slowly stalked down the river bank to the salmon pool. Here, raising his arms to the Great Spirit, he sorrowfully chanted his death song, as is fitting for a great warrior and the chief of a great people. Then he deliberately threw himself over the brink into the churning white waters, that he might follow his sweetheart to that Happy Hunting Ground, which all red men know lies far to the west in the land of the setting sun.

THE LAND OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Long, long ago there once lived an old chief named Morning Star. Many cold winters had sifted their snows over the land since his birth and their chilling blasts had commenced to benumb his form. The pride of his old age, however, was his son, a noble young warrior, a lad as straight and lithe as a willow wand from the river's edge. After a time, however, this young warrior became peculiar and would go off for days at a time and never a word would he vouchsafe as to where he had been when he returned.

Finally the old chief made up his mind to follow him and find out for himself where he went, so he took up the trail which led through a vast, gloomy forest of lofty trees for a time; then along more peaceful rivers as they meandered through green meadows and so on and on he went, till finally one day the setting sun illumined a land of flowers where wild roses and hare bells grew in great profusion amidst the soft mosses and green verdure of a fair countryside.

Then suddenly the old man lost his senses and knew no more and when he awoke it was in a strange, strange land illumined by a wonderful light but where neither stars, sun nor moon were to be seen. Here he saw an odd people, tall and comely; each one carrying a light on his head that flashed like some rare jewel, each sending forth a different color. These strangers also wore wondrous

belts around their waists which radiated all the colors of the rainbow. Upon approaching them, Morning Star found they spoke an alien tongue and he was just about to despair of making himself understood, when an old man came up and spoke to him in his own language.

From him the old chief learned he was now in the land of the Northern Lights and that his newly found friend had come there many years before and had for a long time been the only visitor from the "lower country" but that of late a young warrior had started coming. He was told that the path he had trod to reach this beautiful land was the "Spirit's Path" or as we say, "The Milky Way", and that one traveling it must always lose all consciousness for a time before awakening in that iridescent land above.

Morning Star now asked if he might see the young warrior, whom he felt sure must be his son, and his companion told him that in a few minutes he would be seen playing ball with the others. Soon word was sent around that it was time for the ball game and when it commenced the most gorgeous colors played up and down in the sky, rising and falling as the different players rose and fell in the excitement of the game. In the fore among the excited players the old chief recognized his son whose headlight was easily the brightest and most beautiful of them all. He was then told that this was what caused the northern lights and that the reason we do not see them all the time is that they are only displayed when a ball game is in progress.

Morning Star became so captivated with his new home that he stayed on after getting his son to promise him he would tell his mother where her husband was and how happy he was. In this way all the redmen learned of the real origin of our Northern Lights many, many years ago, while to this very day the white men are still speculating as to what causes this great mystery.

WHITE OWL AND THE GIANTS

The Micmacs, always great fishermen and mariners, thought nothing of sailing their frail canoes far out to sea even in the face of huge waves and a rising storm. Once many, many moons ago White Owl and his good squaw were one day fishing off the coast when a dense fog suddenly enveloped them and they lost all sense of direction. As they were idly drifting about waiting for the wet, gray blanket to lift, there suddenly loomed up before them an enormous black canoe filled with giants.

Before the frightened couple had had time to flee, they were hailed by the gigantic strangers who invited them to come to their camp. Then, without waiting for them to accept the invitation, they lifted White Owl and his canoe on the tip of their paddles as easily as a man would lift a piece of cork and carried them a long, long ways to the eastward to a distant island. As they neared the beach, White Owl and his wife were astonished to see wigwams towering up as high as mountains and when they disembarked, one of their new friends carefully lifting the canoe on the palm of his hand, placed it securely along the eaves of one of the lodges, fully 500 feet from the ground.

The chief of this strange people, who was so tall that the two Micmacs could but dimly make out his features—almost hidden as they were by the clouds that floated around his head—roared out a hearty welcome, and in fact all the giants seemed as pleased with them as children would be with some new pets. Upon sitting down to eat, enough food was placed before them to have lasted many years and the giants slapped their sides and went into gales



Otter Cliff, Bar Harbor, Mount Desert

of laughter to see how little poor White Owl and his wife could eat. One of the giants confided to them in a whisper, which could be heard by ordinary beings fully a hundred miles away, that his name was Oscoon and that he was a mighty hunter.

The next day when Oscoon returned from the chase they could readily believe him for from his belt hung half a dozen caribou whom he thought no more of carrying than White Owl would a string of squirrels. From his hand swung a pair of huge moose, whose weight was no more to him than that of a pair of rabbits would have been to White Owl. The other hunters did about as well and the two Indians never in their lives saw so much food or such good food as they now witnessed on the table of the giants.

One day, however, the giant's chief seemed troubled and finally confided to White Owl that by his magic he had just discovered that the village would be attacked shortly by a Chenoo. As it is common knowledge even to this day how terrible a Chenoo is, we will not discuss this grave danger further except to say that White Owl and his squaw were advised to fill their ears with bees wax and roll themselves in many bear skins that they might not hear the terrible screams of the awful beast, as otherwise they must surely expire in the greatest of agony.

So it came to pass on the third day that they plugged up their ears and wrapped themselves up in bear skins and after a long time they were bid



Owl's Head Light at Rockland

to arise by the giants as the monster had been slain. They found the chief's four sons had been badly mauled and the pine and fir trees for fifty miles around were matted down as is the grass when Indians hold a wrestling match. Far off in the distance lay a horrid monster still breathing out vast clouds of steam in its expiring moments.

THE DREAD KOOKWES

For a time everybody was happy again, but then one day the troubled chief confided to his guests that no less a monster than the dread Kookwes was coming to slaughter them all. Now it is well known that a Kookwes compares to a Chenoo about the same as a lion does to a cat, so naturally White Owl and the giants viewed this new visitation with great dread. Once more the two Micmacs filled their ears with wax and this time friendly Oscoon helped them roll themselves in bear skins till the bundle nearly reached the sky. After what seemed an endless wait the giants finally unrolled them and this time they found the havoc that had been wrought was indeed terrible.

As far as the eye could see the land was smeared with blood. Vast holes had been gouged out of the earth and becoming filled with blood now presented themselves as veritable lakes of vermillion. The giants themselves were battered and torn and huge pine trees stuck out all over them, like so many splinters that had been broken off in the mad struggle. Worst of all the chief's youngest son lay dead at the entrance of his father's wigwam where he had fallen. The terrible Kookwes lay in the midst of a virgin pine forest fully fifty miles away and so vast was he that even at that distance he looked like a mountain, still belching forth fire and smoke, though dying as he was.

The chief, however, was a great magician so he now addressed his prostrate son and asked him why he was thus blocking up his doorway and upon his son replying that he was dead, the father bade him arise, which he straightway did and shortly he recovered enough to be able to eat a couple of caribou and half a moose, washing it down with a couple of hogsheads of water, after which he remarked that he felt much refreshed.

White Owl and his good wife would fain have lived on with the giants forever, but they had left many children in their wigwam and they now com-

menced to wonder how they were getting on, so the kind chief of the giants at last regretfully permitted them to go home and had their canoe lifted down from its lofty perch and dusted off. As the fog still persisted the chief of the giants gave them a small dog and White Owl was told that if he would but follow in the direction the dog would point, he would reach home safely. So off they went the dog wagging his tail in great glee and White Owl following the dog's nose, so to speak. After a long, long paddle the fog lifted and lo! there in the distance was their village. The moment the canoe grated on the beach the little dog jumped out and across the waves he ran back to the giant's land just as if he was running on hard ice, such was the great magic of the giants.

Before his adventure with the giants, White Owl had always been a poor man, slaving night and day to support his large family, but now thanks to the "M'toulin" or magic that his friends the giants had conferred upon him when they parted, he had but to let down his line and he would immediately catch the largest of salmon; if he shot at a gosling he was sure to bring down a couple of geese and as for moose and caribou he simply could not miss one if he tried. So White Owl's lodge was always filled to overflowing with food and he rounded out a happy old age.

The red men know this tale is true but the white man in his ignorance scoffs at it and even intimates that the giant black canoe must have been a whale. Such ignorance is to be pitied, rather than censured, however.

THE MAN WHO FOUGHT A GHOST

Once in a village of the Penobscots there lived a young Indian who was a rather lively blade and would go out nights flirting with the pretty young girls of his village. His old mother warned him that this was dangerous business and urged him to marry one of them and settle down, as harm was sure to befall him, but he paid no attention to her warnings. Late one night as he was returning to his lodge, he thought he heard somebody following him. He was greatly puzzled, however, because whoever it was did not walk with the soft, moccasin-ed tread of the Indian but with a heavy thump, unlike anything he had ever heard before. Step-

ping quickly behind a tree, he glanced back over his trail and when he did so the hair fairly rose on his head for in the distance he saw a huge figure in white that looked like a rolled up corpse moving slowly towards him. The weird figure steadily approached the young brave who now stood still in his tracks transfixed with fear, but when the strange apparition suddenly attacked him anger overcame his fear and a battle royal ensued.

Though the phantom had no arms or legs, it fought madly, flapping and twisting like a fish, and the young brave soon found he had all he could do to hold his own. For several hours the struggle was kept up but when the first signs of an approaching dawn showed in the east the ghost suggested a truce. The young Penobscot, happily remembering that creatures of the nether world are said not to be able to endure the light of day, continued the struggle with desperate valor, though by now his breath was coming in gasps and his strength was nearly spent. Could he but hold on a few minutes longer, he felt sure victory would be his. Soon his ghostly opponent was imploring him for mercy and promising him that good luck should be his the remainder of his days provided only that he would let him go.

The young Indian fought on, however, and when the first rays of the rising sun illuminated the strange scene, he fell in a swoon from which he did not awake for several hours. When he did, he noticed there lay by his side an old moss covered log which looked strangely like his erstwhile opponent even to its having a large hole in its trunk just about where he distinctly remembered having plunged his fist clean through the ghost during the struggle. Then he remembered having torn off the other's scalp lock in one last desperate effort and sure enough, a long, hairy piece of moss had been torn from the end of the log and now lay hanging down to its middle. All about on the ground were badly trampled fragments of moss and hair. Beyond a doubt this old log was all that remained of his late adversary.

When he rose he found himself to be terribly bruised and sore from head to foot, but that counted but little for now he felt the urge of a new and terrible power within—the spirit of the dead ghost and he knew he had power to do anything. It soon proved to be just so, for with the strength of many men and the speed, cunning and magic of the vanquished spirit he was able to get game when everybody else had failed. All manner of power was his and soon his fame spread far and wide as one who had great "M'toulin" or magic.

THE DUEL OF THE BOXER AND THE ENTERPRISE

Curiously the War of 1812 found this country in much the same dilemma it is in today. At that time, however, it was England and France who were in deadly conflict and soon both commenced to seize American shipping in their hunt for contraband with the result that the Embargo and Non-Intercourse Acts were passed at Washington, thus practically prohibiting American shipping on the high seas. These acts, which were said at the time to have been passed on the principle of "preventing a cat from getting hungry by drowning it in a well," just about ruined New England which lived largely on its shipping in those days and so hostile did this section soon become, that it is said a plot was actually under way to secede from the Union and establish an independent state here with an English prince for a ruler.

So, when some of the merchants along the Kennebec wanted to lay in a stock of English blankets

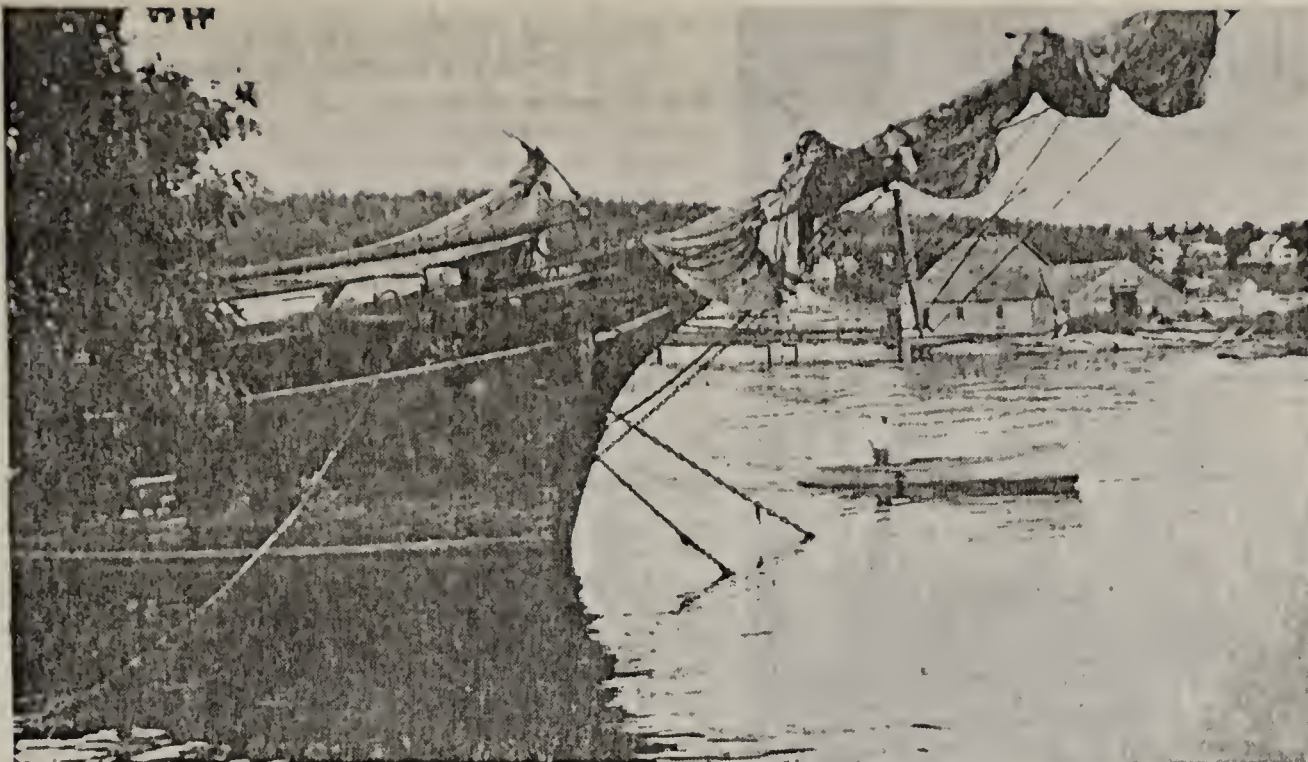


A Launching on the Kennebec

and woollens, the curious situation arose of their vessel, the *Margaretta*, stealing along the coast to St John, N. B., and there loading up with English goods and then arranging to be convoyed safely home by the British sloop of war *Boxer*, although the United States at that very moment was at war with Great Britain. As the importation of English goods was prohibited, the clever idea had been hit upon of having the *Boxer* protect the American vessel from all other warships until she reached the mouth of the Kennebec, and then from there apparently pursue the fleeing *Margaretta* with shot and shell so that the latter could slip by Fort Popham without undue inquiry by the American customs as to her cargo. For this service the English captain actually received the sum of \$500 in gold, believe it or not.

The plot worked to perfection and the hard pressed *Margaretta* flew up the Kennebec with shot splashing in the water all about her and Fort Popham promptly fired a salvo at her pursuer which stopped the chase. The inspectors at the fort, never dreaming the *Margaretta* was a smuggler, made no inquiry as to her cargo and the merchants along the Kennebec carried a full stock of warm English woollens on their shelves that winter.

It so happened, however, that the uproar from this fictitious chase alarmed some neighboring fishing vessels who fled post haste to Portland where lay the pride of New England, the American sloop of war *Enterprise*; a ship that had taken part in the bombardment of Tripoli, when that pirate



A Snug Haven

stronghold was attacked by Maine's great naval hero, Commodore Prebble.

At the moment, every available officer and man along the coast that could be spared had been sent to aid Commodore Perry on Lake Erie and for the time being, the vessel was under the command of young twenty-eight year old Lieutenant Burroughs, who had never been under fire. As soon as the news of the supposed conflict reached the ears of Lieutenant Burroughs, preparations were made to seek the Boxer and, as there were no tug boats in those days, all the small boats in the harbor had to be strung out in front of the Enterprise to tow her out to where a light breeze would enable her to get under way. The Boxer, not anticipating any attack, was lying off Pemaquid when the Enterprise hove in sight the following morning but no sooner was the American warship sighted than all sails were hoisted on the English vessel and off she set in pursuit.

For several hours not a shot was fired by either vessel as both maneuvered in a desperate attempt to get the advantage over the other by skillful use of the light winds prevailing that day, so that it was well along in the afternoon and both vessels were some distance off the coast of Monhegan when the battle started. The two were very evenly matched and each commander realized that the slightest error on his part would probably lose him the battle.

Finally when both vessels had come alongside of each other and were within pistol shot, the battle opened with broadsides from each and as there was but little protection in the vessels of those days—both officers and men being exposed on open decks—it was deadly business and so it is not surprising that within five minutes the brave young English commander, Captain Blythe, lay dead, killed by an eighteen pound ball. Another ten minutes and the young American lieutenant was also mortally wounded, though still able to lay on deck and watch the conflict while his life's blood slowly ebbed away. American marksmanship now turned the tide of one of the most desperate and sanguinary battles ever fought in American waters. Taking special aim at the masts and rigging of their opponent, the Americans were soon rewarded by seeing the main top mast of the Boxer come

crashing down bringing with it the great top sail and soon the British vessel, slowed down by the loss of masts and much needed rigging, was at the mercy of her more nimble opponent. The Enterprise now forged ahead and from a position off the forward bow of the Boxer raked the decks of the latter with terrible effect without the Boxer being able any longer to return the fire. As the decks of the battered British vessel were rapidly becoming a shambles it was soon forced to surrender.

The gallant young commander of the Enterprise lived just long enough to receive the sword of the defeated English officer, upon which, saying, "I am satisfied, I die contented," he fell over dead. Great was the rejoicing in Portland when the Enterprise returned with her flag at half mast towing along a much battered captive. The two youthful officers were buried with all honors side by side and their graves may be seen to this day, though surrounded now by the tall buildings of a modern city.

MAINE'S SAHARA

A short distance from Freeport—famous as being the birthplace of Maine because here were signed the papers which ultimately set Maine up in business as an independent commonwealth—there lies a very real desert. Yes, a desert right in the heart of Maine of all places! Where fifty years ago flourished fertile fields and pastures, one now finds a very good imitation of the Sahara or Gobi deserts, only in miniature, of course. Still, starting with a small patch of bubbling sand less than thirty feet square it has within a few years increased till it now includes more than 500 acres and is growing rapidly, so who can tell but that the day may yet come when the lowly camel, that ship of the desert, shall become as familiar a spectacle on the Maine landscape as the ships of the sea are off her coast.

Giant dunes of fine multi-colored sands—there must be nearly a hundred different hues all the way from white to orange and lavender—have been swept up by the wind to heights of 75 feet or more above the level of the fields. Giant trees have been buried till only the tips of their branches are exposed, yet they bear leaves and live. On one corner of the desert is a petrified forest which may some day rival that of Arizona; yet in the very heart of this sandy waste there appeared a gushing

spring of ice cold water which has been found to be very beneficial to the sick and ailing.

Relentlessly this new phenomenon sweeps on and who knows but that it may in time prove to be the Nemesis of the whites, driving them out of that fertile Norumbega from which they so ruthlessly drove the red men years ago. In any event the Desert of Maine in Freeport is well worth a visit.

THE CATS OF HASKELL ISLAND

A little over half a century ago a schooner went ashore near Haskell Island in Casco Bay and on it were large numbers of those great gray wharf rats that are so ferocious and frequent the waterfronts. Many of the rodents reached shore and finding no natural enemies, proceeded to multiply till the place was fairly alive with them. At that time the island was uninhabited except for an old fisherman named Humphrey who lived in a hut near the beach and made a living of sorts catching lobsters and fish. As the rats increased and grew bolder and bolder, Humphrey was urged to leave the island, but he scoffed at the idea that the rats would become dangerous and stayed on till winter closed in.

A couple of months later a fishing smack, failing to note any smoke rising from the lone lobsterman's hut, decided to put in and investigate and when the door of his domicile was opened the place was found to be swarming with gigantic gray rats. Picking up some clubs, the fishermen managed finally to subdue the fierce creatures only to find that poor old Humphrey had been completely eaten up by the rodents and that only his bones remained in the bunk.

The enraged citizens of the neighboring mainland at once armed themselves and carried on a great rat hunt, not desisting till they felt sure every last rat had been killed on the island, but when summer came again the place was found to be as badly infested as ever. Soon after this, two young fishermen moved into Humphrey's cabin, taking the precaution, however, of carrying along a couple of dozen of the largest and ablest Maine cats they could find. It is said that at the start the rats almost got the best of the cats at that, but finally the tide turned and within a year's time not a rat was to be seen; but now the cats commenced to multiply living on birds and fish as they did and before long there was not a feathered visitor who dared come within speaking distance of this feline paradise. The two fishermen got along nicely with their pets, though it kept them busy catching fish to keep them well fed, but woe to any stranger who showed up for they then deported themselves like so many veritable wildcats.

One day, Haskell, the owner of the island, sent over a gentleman who thought he might like to buy the place for a summer residence. As the prospective buyer neared the little wharf he was greeted by such a mob of howling and spitting furies that he beat a hasty retreat to the mainland. When the two squatter fishermen were remonstrated with and told they must get rid of the cats, they replied that they got along nicely with their pets and if they kept strangers off the island, then so much the better.

One morning a little later, however, they were heartbroken to awaken and find the premises strewn with dead cats; the owner of the island evidently having hired somebody to row over and poison the entire feline population with poisoned salmon or some other special delicacy that cats find it hard to resist. The two fisherman, unable to bear up under the loss of their amiable pets, soon left and from that day to this it is said that Haskell Island has



"Ye Old Corner Store"

been without either a cat or a rat.

THE HOME OF THUNDER

The Indians of Maine, unlike their white brethren, were never afraid of thunder and lightning, but on the contrary, welcomed the roars of the Thunder Bird, believing as they did that the flashing of its eyes made the lightning and the flapping of its enormous cloud wings caused the thunder. This vast bird was believed to be a distant relative of theirs and always a friend and they claimed that never was an Indian known to be harmed by thunder and never was any of his property destroyed by lightning.

The Passamaquoddies, however, through accident, actually found out what caused the thunder. One cold winter a lone hunter was tending a line of traps near the headwaters of the mighty Penobscot. As the snow kept piling up deeper and deeper, he finally came to be cut off from all the rest of the world and lived for a time in a crystal wilderness all by himself. Imagine his surprise one morning to see the tracks of an enormous pair of snowshoes. The next day he found the same tracks in another part of the forest and so on for several days till finally, his curiosity getting the better of him, he followed the trail to where it merged into a well beaten path which suddenly ended on the edge of a stupendous precipice high up on the sides of Mt. Katahdin.

As he stood there gazing off over the distant landscape, baffled by the mystery, he suddenly



Fishing Near York

heard the soft tread of moccasined feet behind him and turning, beheld a most beautiful maiden smiling at him. For a moment his very blood seemed to congeal at the sight of this seeming apparition, from whose face radiated all the colors of the rainbow, but she read his very thoughts and speaking gently and kindly to him, bade him follow her to the face of a vast escarpment of rock that rose nearby and disappeared under a mantle of snow that capped the mountain top. Upon her lightly touching this rocky ledge it disappeared like mist before the sun and there opened before him a vast luminous cavern that stretched far into the very heart of Mt. Katahdin; that mountain whose name in the Indian tongue signifies, "The Great Mountain."

Blindly following his fair companion—for indeed there was naught else for him to do now; since the solid wall of rock had immediately closed behind them—he soon entered a most gorgeous throne room where myriads of shimmering stalactites hung from the vast roof and countless crystals of amethyst and sparkling quartz scintillated from the walls. On one side of this enormous chamber was a throne carved out of solid rock crystal and handsomely adorned with tourmaline and beryl and on it sat the Spirit of the Mountain, the ruler of all that subterranean domain.

The poor hunter quaked in his moccasins before this stupendous display of magnificence and royalty, but the Spirit welcomed him so kindly that he soon lost all fear. Then the Spirit told him he wanted him to meet his two sons and at a signal from him, a blinding flash of lightning seared the rocky cavern and instantly following it a crashing roar of thunder reverberated back and forth through countless caverns far and near. Upon that two men of truly gigantic mold stepped forth to do their father's bidding. Their handsome faces were hardened to rock at their cheeks and brows and flashes of variegated light radiated from them as from their sister, the kindly attendant of the lone hunter. "These," said the Spirit, "are my two sons, Thunder and Lightning, and whenever there is wrong to be redressed I send them forth, but they never smite those who believe in us and love us. So in the future whenever you hear Thunder, fear not but know that we are but shooting at our enemies and yours."

After spending a day viewing all the marvels of the vast interior of Mt. Katahdin, the cliff's face once more was dissolved in mist and the hunter was permitted to depart for home, but imagine his surprise to find when he finally reached his distant village that seven long years had elapsed and that his kinsmen had long since given him up for lost.

This is why the Passamaquoddies never fear Thunder and Lightning, for well they know it would never harm those who love and obey the Great Spirit of mighty Katahdin. The white man with his superior knowledge scoffs at all this, yet his buildings burn and he himself is often slain by the forked shafts of the deadly lightning, while the lowly red man goes free. Tell us if you can just why this should be, if this story is not true?

THE MARRIAGE OF MOUNT KATAHDIN

Once there was an Indian girl who somehow never seemed to have a suitor. She was not exactly homely but was a little odd and the young braves all seemed to pass her by. One summer afternoon she and some chums were berrying at the foot of Mount Katahdin and as she looked up at its distant summit all suffused in the rosy glow of an approaching sunset, she sighed, "I wish I had a husband. If Katahdin were but a man, perhaps he would marry me." Upon hearing this, her companions poked so much fun at her that in despair she ran off up the mountain side and soon became lost to view.

Three long years passed and though her parents and friends searched long and diligently, no trace of the missing girl was ever found. Then one day she nonchalantly tripped into the village with a handsome child in her arms, a beautiful boy with brows of stone. The child grew rapidly into a handsome lad, the strongest and ablest of the tribe, and he was soon seen to possess magical powers for he had but to point a finger at bird or beast when it would immediately fall dead. As a consequence, his mother and her friends never lacked for food and her lodge was always lined with the softest and choicest furs, for why not, since her boy was really the son of Mount Katahdin, that mighty spirit having heard the young girl's wish that summer afternoon and having taken her for his bride when she ran off up the mountain-side.

She had lived very happily in her new home within the great mountain for three years but finally yearning for her friends in the distant village on the Penobscot, had been permitted to return provided she would not under any circumstances reveal the paternity of her child. So though her friends and neighbors tried by every means they could think of to get her to tell them, she proudly kept her silence and held as beneath her contempt the mean gossip and base innuendoes that circulated in the village, for well she knew that mighty Katahdin had promised that this child's offspring should multiply and bring new life into the decadent red men and that in time they should increase and inherit all the earth.

Finally one day, however, her long-suffering patience gave way before the petty meanness of her neighbors and before she thought of what she was saying she exclaimed, "Look, you fools; you who are so blind you cannot see the forest for the trees; look at the boy's face; at his brows of stone. Can you see aught else in them but mighty Katahdin?" Then suddenly realizing what she had said, she wailed, "Now indeed you have brought the curse of that mighty Spirit upon yourselves and henceforth you shall get your living only by the sweat of your brows and you shall slowly dwindle away."

At that she took her boy by the hand and disappeared in the distance on her way toward the mighty mountain. And indeed it all came to pass just as she had said for from then on game became harder and harder to kill and more and more the red men had to turn to cultivating the soil and fewer and fewer they became as the whites steadily encroached on their ancestral hunting grounds.

THE TREASURE TROVE OF CHEBEAGUE ISLAND

It is claimed by State-o'-Mainers that beautiful Casco Bay has 365 islands to boast of, one for each day of the year; but by actual survey only 222 have been accounted for, large enough to have room for a man to stand on. Geologists tell us that once the great Androscoggin River emptied into this bay and that many of the smaller islands of sand are built from the sediment of this river, which finally, after blocking its own outlet with debris, switched over to Merrymeeting Bay where it still mingles its water with those of the lordly Kennebec.

Be that as it may, if there are not 365 islands in the bay, there certainly are many times that number of legends and tales connected with its beautiful isles and beaches. Take for instance Great Chebeague, whose name in the Indian tongue means "Cold Spring Water." It is the second largest island in Casco Bay and assuredly one of the most lovely. Here tales of buried treasure have been extant since the days of Captain Kidd. Many have been the times its sandy beaches and rockbound shores have been disturbed by vain attempts to reclaim some of this long lost treasure.

One day, a good many years ago, a rather tough looking specimen of the sailing fraternity landed at Great Chebeague. Soon word drifted around that he had confided to a pal over the cups that he had once sailed on a pirate craft whose captain had buried an immense treasure of golden doubloons and bars of silver, as well as a wealth of diamonds, emeralds and pearls on the island and that all these years this king's ransom had been lying quietly hidden under the sands there. Naturally excitement ran high for a time but nothing more could be pried out of the old fellow and, as he had a rather sinister appearance, what with one eye



Fishermen's Haven

gone and the other glaring balefully at them, it was deemed advisable by the island folk to leave him strictly to his own devices; that is all but one young fellow who possessed a little more courage than the others.

He decided to keep an eye on the ex-pirate and attempted to follow him when he found him stealing away at the break of day, but in spite of all he could do, the old treasure hunter threw him off his track every time. Finally he gathered up courage enough to make a proposition to old "Gimlet-Eye" as some of the islanders had dubbed him, offering to help him in return for a small share in the spoil. The old sailor merely transfixed him with his solitary eye and curtly bade him begone about his own business. The young islander was persistent, however, and a day or two later finally succeeded in following the trail to a spot where a large pile of sand and rocks had been tossed out of a hole in the ground. This excavation was enclosed by a huge knotted rope fastened to upright posts and inside was the old pirate industriously digging away.

But by now the young chap had come to rather fear the old fellow himself, so he returned home for help and the following morning came back with some of his curious neighbors. When old "Gimlet-Eye" saw that the location of his secret treasure had been discovered his wrath can well be imagined and it is said that such an expert was he at profanity that the very air turned blue over the pit for a time. After the explosion had somewhat



Safe Home from the Trip

subsided, his successful tracker taking courage from his following, leaped boldly over the rope for a close inspection of the "diggings." Then it was that old "Gimlet-Eye" pronounced his famous curse, "I call on Almighty God and all you curiosity seekers to witness that in less than a year this young nitwit will be tied in knots even as this rope is now."

Naturally the crowd laughed and taking courage from their numbers, continued to egg the old fellow on till they had made a very pleasant day of it. The next morning, however, the old treasure hunter was nowhere to be seen and inspection of his pit revealed that the sand had been tumbled back into it so that it was impossible to tell whether anything had been found or not. Rumor has it, however, that one of the islanders returning home late the previous evening from a convivial hour in the local tap room, had seen three men lugging what appeared to be a heavy box or chest over the beach to a waiting boat which shortly disappeared in the darkness and fog, so perhaps old "Gimlet-Eye" had the last laugh after all.

Less than a year had passed when one day the adventurous young man who had had the curse laid on him, fell overboard while out fishing and coming down with "chills and fever" was confined to his bed. Before long his legs and arms were drawn up in an agonizing cramp, or as the natives said, "tied all up in knots" and thus he stayed till he died. When they came to bury him, they actually had to break his bones in order to straighten him out so that he could be laid in his casket. Thus once more is fact stranger than fiction.

THE MYSTERIOUS LEG

Nestling on the eastern bank of the Penobscot River near where that great stream debouches into the bay of the same name, lies the town of Bucksport. Many who know of this community as a business center of considerable importance never realize that it contains within its borders one of the weirdest and most fascinating objects of speculation to be met with about anywhere.

It all started years ago when Col. Jonathan Bucks, the hard-headed founder of the town, was honored by his fellow townsmen with the office of Judge. As a judge he proved to be a strict disci-

plinarian and one who dealt out justice with a firm hand and without mercy. About all the cases appearing before him, however, were for minor infractions of the law, as serious crimes were all but unknown in the quiet countryside of those early days. So when a woman's body was found mutilated beyond recognition and with one leg gone, excitement ran high. No clues could be found that the local sleuths could run down and the case had about bogged down when the clamor of the public for a culprit forced the distracted police to try to pin the crime on a local celebrity who, being somewhat lacking in wits, shuffled around the village getting his living by rather dubious means. The authorities could not produce one shred of actual proof against him but his reputation was such that when he was brought before Judge Buck, this worthy soon felt sufficient circumstantial evidence had been produced to warrant a sentence and he thereupon ordered him hanged until dead.

In vain the poor unkempt outcast pleaded his complete innocence in the whole affair. The Judge had become convinced that he was the perpetrator of the dastardly deed and that was that. When the verdict had been rendered, the court asked the defendant if he had anything further to say and the doomed man, calling on Almighty God to witness his innocence, said that as a proof of it the day would come when a print of a woman's leg would appear on the gravestone of the good Judge himself. Naturally nobody paid any heed to this wild statement, considering it but the ravings of a half demented man and soon after the execution the matter was largely forgotten.

The Judge lived a long and honorable life and when he died, a very imposing monument of gray granite was placed over his grave. No money was spared by the bereaved family in selecting the best that could be had and it was beautifully polished and without a stain or a blemish when erected. Imagine then the astonishment and complete dumfoundedness of the good folk of the town when one morning they saw clearly outlined on one side of the polished shaft the figure of a woman's leg.

Crowds came from far and near to view the marvel and many commenced to say under their breath that perhaps the Judge knew more about

the case than appeared on the surface after all. On the other hand, others poohed-poohed it, saying it was but a stain due probably to the growth of lichens, or maybe some of the village jokesters had had a hand in it. The dead man's family at once had the monument cleaned and repolished till it was again as bright and unspotted as the day it was put up. Sad to relate, however, within a few days the damnable print once more appeared as before and though this process was gone through with time after time for many years, the stain kept coming back. Finally in despair, all efforts to eradicate the strange markings were given up and to this day one may view the extraordinary likeness of a woman's leg on Judge Buck's monument in the little cemetery at Bucksport.

HOW BANGOR CAME TO BE NAMED

The metropolis of eastern Maine was originally called Sunnyside. Of course to the Indians it had been Kedesquit (the place of the eels) and in the romantic days of early European discovery it was the supposed site of magical Norumbega with its golden towers and streets of pearl; that rich emporium where jewels and precious stones stood around by the bucketful waiting for somebody to pick them up.

When all this romance had simmered down to hard pan it became just plain Sunnyside and shortly after the Revolution, when the town commenced to grow rapidly, it was thought advisable to incorporate it. As Maine was then part and parcel of Massachusetts, a representative had to be despatched to Boston and a popular parson named Rev. Seth L. Noble was selected to attend to the matter. Pastor Noble had been an honored chaplain in the Continental Army where he earned the well merited title of the "fighting parson" and also where he acquired a considerable liking for strong liquor, so much so that it was no uncommon sight to see him reeling down the main street of Sunnyside on any one of the six days of the week, but always on Sundays he was to be found in his pulpit as sober as a judge. The good folk of Sunnyside who were mainly lumbermen and their families, appreciating a man who could carry his liquor well and still attend to business, became very fond of him. Hence it was that he was selected to present the petition to the General Court in Boston.

The charter was duly granted and then the fighting parson betook himself to the Courthouse where, after being inscribed on parchment, the document was to be presented to him. The machinery of the courts apparently moved as slowly then as now and after waiting a while, the minister became a little impatient and commenced to pace up and down the room humming as he did so, one of his favorite hymns. Thus it happened that when the clerk, whose memory was short, turned and again asked the name, the Parson absent-mindedly replied "Bangor," that being the name of the tune he was humming. And Bangor it was duly inscribed and Bangor it has remained to this day; probably the only place in the world named by mistake for a church hymn.

THE HERMIT OF HARPSWELL

A quarter of a century or more ago the good citizens of Harpswell were faced with the problem of what to do with an incorrigible offender against the decency and good conduct of the community. John Darling, for that was his name, was in hot water about all the time for some petty offence or other and after a time the village fathers grew tired of it. So one day when he had been caught in a scrape a little worse than the ordinary he was given the choice of being marooned on a small island off the coast or of going to State's Prison.



Colonial Portico of Sortwell House, Wiscasset

The island had not a tree on it and the only water available was contained in a small pond that was so brackish that nobody could stomach it unless under dire necessity.

Nevertheless this modern Robinson Crusoe chose the island and his erstwhile neighbors gladly left him to subsist as best he could on the fish, mussels and lobsters that were fairly plentiful along its shores and the few berries that managed to grow in its interior during the summer. For fuel and building material he would have to gather up the driftwood which came ashore after every storm. It is true, he was not completely shut off from the mainland because the town from time to time sent out a boat with such necessities as tobacco, sugar and tea and a little castoff clothing. Other than that, however, he was left to his own devices and strange to say he succeeded in adapting himself to this strange environment so well that in time he would not have left the place even if he could.

Here he lived for twenty odd years all by himself except for an occasional curious visitor who would bring along some little luxury or other. Darling grew to be as husky and rugged as a polar bear and thought nothing of wading out clear to his waist in the ice cold water of the bay when in search of food.

He built himself a shack out of drifting flotsam and though the dwelling was a marvel to look at, still it was warm and comfortable in a way as he had it well banked with seaweed. Finally one day



Moosehead Lake and Squaw Mountain

a passing boat failing to note any smoke or signs of life on the place, put in only to find the hermit lying dead on his rude couch, covered with a few filthy rags and frozen as hard as a rock. Thus passed a unique character on the coast known far and wide as the "Hermit of Harpswell."

THE ROMANTIC ISLES OF SHOALS

The Isles of Shoals, which lie off the southern coast of Maine, were explored by Captain John Smith and were called Smith's Isles for many years. Settled by fishermen, they were for a time so far in advance of the mainland culturally that pupils from the coast came here for "literary instruction." When the charter for the Isles was drawn up it contained many unique provisions such as one forbidding goats and swine to be brought to the isles. This was understandable because fresh water was scarce and these animals were apt to muddy the springs and spoil the drinking water. They had another, however, that read that "no woman shall live on the Isles of Shoals." Finally one day a new settler named Reynolds, taking the bit in his teeth, as you might say, brought all three over at once. After a bitter dispute which was carried to the General Court, it was opined that if he would rid himself of his sheep and goats and "if no further complaint came against her (the wife) she might enjoy the company of her husband." Thus it finally came about that Eve was permitted to enter this modern Eden.

Smutty Nose or Haley's Island was the scene of a terrible shipwreck in the early days and for long years thereafter the ghosts of lost Spaniards who perished on that memorable night are said to have hailed passing vessels begging for a passage back to their sunny Peninsula. Then the famous pirate, Blackbeard, buried a great deal of his ill gotten loot here and it is said that on one of his cruises, the dreaded freebooter kidnapped a beautiful Scotch lassie from her highland home and when the loot was divided up, she fell to the portion of one of his young lieutenants.

He took his golden haired mistress to White Island and there lived with her in savage splendor and she is said to have fallen very much in love with him after a while. One day a strange sail hove into the offing and her lieutenant had to hasten to his ship, but before he parted with her

he made her swear to guard the buried treasure till doomsday if necessary in the event he did not return.

Blackbeard expected another rich haul that day and was completely taken aback when hidden cannon suddenly appeared and commenced to belch forth shot and shell. The English warship, for so it proved to be, quickly ran alongside the corsair and prepared to board her, when a terrific blast rocked the coast for miles around and both ships were blown to bits in an explosion the pirates had deliberately set rather than submit to capture.

All hands were killed and the golden haired Scotch girl did not long survive. Her spectral form may be seen to this very day, it is said, when conditions are just right, looking off to the east after her departed lover, her long unbound hair streaming out in the wind as she faithfully keeps her promise and guards the hidden treasure.

JACK THE RIPPER

A tall tale of logging days along the Penobscot recounts the exploits of that famous woodsman, Jack the Ripper. In those swashbuckling days the Devil was said to have been on familiar terms with many of the logging fraternity, and it was common knowledge that anyone who wished to meet him in person had but to repair to some lonely spot seven nights running at the same hour and minute, and he could feel very sure that on the seventh night the Devil himself would appear before him.

Into one of the larger camps one winter there came a husky chap from one of the neighboring farms who was soon made the butt of all the jokes till his life was hardly worth living. While he could swing an axe well, he proved to be a failure when it came to riding the rolling and tumbling logs as they shot down over the foaming mountain torrents on their way to the distant mills. Try as he would, he nearly always ended up with a spill in the icy waters and finally, after a particularly exasperating experience one day, he made up his mind to seek the Devil and ask his aid.

So for seven nights running he made his way to a lonely cave on a distant mountain side and sure enough, on the seventh night a tall gentleman all dressed in black suddenly appeared before him out of nowhere. That he was the Devil there could be but little doubt, because tiny blue flames kept flick-

ering over his velvet doublet in a remarkably weird fashion. The stranger politely asked the young lumberjack to step into the cave and talk matters over. The upshot of it was that young Jack—for that was his name—agreed to do the Devil's bidding at the expiration of a five year period provided that in the meantime he would be able to outsmart any lumberjack who wore calked shoes on either the Penobscot or the Kennebec. It was further agreed that no harm should befall him during that time as he would be warned of danger by a flash of blue flame.

Great was the surprise of the assembled lumberjacks the following morning when they witnessed the hero of this tale riding a mass of rolling and twisting logs as skillfully and easily as if he had done it all his life. In fact, he soon proved to be their master when difficult places were encountered and before night they commenced to wonder if he had not all along been joshing them by pretending to be unable to ride the logs.

A few days later, however, as Jack was nonchalantly jumping from log to log, some of his companions swore they saw a flash of blue flame streak up when a particularly huge log struck a rock in midstream, right in front of Jack. Others scoffed at this and said it was nonsense but be that as it may, he immediately made for shore and was not to be coaxed out onto the river for the remainder of that day. A scant half hour later three lumberjacks were crushed and drowned beneath a grinding mass of logs when the jam suddenly freed itself. Thereafter this flash of blue flame was repeatedly seen to warn Jack and after a time, his fellow loggers sensing something uncanny about it all, decided he must be in league with the Devil and you may be sure that from that time on he was never made the butt of any joke, but, on the contrary, was treated with the greatest of respect.

The following winter Jack got his surname of "Ripper," being known thereafter as "Jack the Ripper." For some time it had been common knowledge that whenever he struck a blow with his axe a second axe blow would ring out, blow for blow, though nobody could be seen to be chopping. This could mean but one thing that the Devil was keeping him company chopping. Then one stormy night an enormous pine nearly twelve foot across at the butt blew over across the camp and strangely enough, though the entire crew pitched in the next day and tried to rid the camp of it, but little progress was made.

That night, however, chopping was heard outside along about midnight and upon looking out who should they see but Jack "ripping" away at the huge tree as if "possessed of the Devil" and for every stroke he made, another was to be heard, and for every chip that flew from his axe another flew from the impact of a spectral axe and the chips from this axe were so huge that it was found the next day that it took two men to lift one of them out of the way. So it is not surprising that in almost no time the huge pine was all cut up and rolled to one side and the camp left in apple pie order.

From then on, Jack the Ripper was a marked man. Everybody admired his ability, though at the same time they feared him. As he could do the work of half a dozen men, he was always in

demand and received the highest wages of any lumberjack in the woods. As time passed, he was frequently heard talking familiarly with an unseen companion and for five years everything Jack did prospered. He made the most money, wore the best clothes, drank the most liquor and made love to the prettiest girls and his name became a by-word in all the great lumber camps of Maine.

Then one snowy night he disappeared and the following day it was found that his tracks led to a rocky cavern far up on the mountain side. When the searching party tried to enter the cave, brimstone fumes were encountered and so strong were they that the attempt had to be given up. A few days later, however, another attempt was made which was more successful, but when the cave was entered all they could find of poor Jack was a charred axe handle and his axe blade which had turned blue as if from great heat, and from that day to this nobody has ever heard or seen anything of Jack the Ripper.

THE JERNEGAN GOLD SWINDLE

Near the close of the 19th century a party named Jernegan, the pastor of a church in Lubec, spent considerable time in experimenting with a process he said he had discovered for extracting gold from sea water by electrolysis. Finally he claimed he had perfected a technique which would permit him to reclaim the precious metal in paying quantities. He soon convinced some hard-headed business men of the validity of his claim and a large company was formed and stock was sold all over the country. Enthusiasm ran high and a substantial plant was built at North Lubec and for a time it looked as if Maine was to become a new Eldorado, for with its long sea coast and unlimited supply of sea water, the gold that could be recovered was beyond computation, since scientists had proved beyond a shadow of doubt that far more gold remained in solution in the ocean than had ever been taken from the land.

When the plant got to operating, Jernegan seemed unable to produce gold fast enough to pay expenses and satisfy his financial backers so, in desperation and under cover of darkness, he sent down divers to sprinkle gold dust liberally on the ocean bottom over which his enormous suction pumps were operating. Then excitement did run high for suddenly gold in decidedly paying quantities commenced to be produced. A large crew of workmen were hired and the plant was operated at full blast for several months when suddenly Pastor Jernegan disappeared, taking with him a large sum of money. Unfortunately when the plant was run in the absence of Jernegan and his divers but little gold was reclaimed, and the swindle was soon exposed.

However, to this day many of the inhabitants around Lubec still believe that it was not all a fake and that Jernegan really had a bonafide process for recovering gold; but that to satisfy the impatience of his financial backers he resorted to salting the ocean floor with gold.

OUR COVER DESIGN

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